

# The Sketch

No. 1345.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



MOTHER OF A SECOND SON: LADY LOUGHBOROUGH.

Lady Loughborough, who is receiving the congratulations of her many friends on the birth of another son, is the daughter-in-law of the Earl of Rosslyn, having been married to Lord Loughborough, eldest son of the Earl, in 1915. Before her marriage, Lady Loughborough was Miss

Margaret Sheila Mackellar Chisholm, daughter of Mr. Harry Chisholm, of Sydney, New South Wales. She has another little son, the Hon. Anthony St. Clair-Erskine, born in 1917. Lord Loughborough served in the Dardanelles and was wounded. He is now a Lieutenant in the K.R.R.C.

*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.*





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

#### Result of the War.

Many people have been asking, during the past four years, in what way life in this country after the war will differ from life in this country before it. Two answers, at any rate, are now to hand—

- (1) WOMEN WILL HAVE THE VOTE.
- (2) WOMEN WILL SIT IN PARLIAMENT.

All this is very gratifying, and for two reasons—

- (1) THEY WANTED THE VOTE.
- (2) THEY WANTED TO SIT IN PARLIAMENT.

Since everybody is to have precisely what they want after the war, except a few Dukes, and millionaires, and obsolete people of that kind, it is only logical that we should anticipate matters by giving women what they want before the "boys" come home. Would they have got it if the boys had been at home? Ah, well, that is outside the scope of the present paragraph.

#### Value of a Vote.

If you ask me why women wanted the vote, I cannot tell you. Some of them may still labour under the misapprehension that a vote means power. If they think that, then they are right to clamour for the vote. For my own part, I don't think votes have much to do with the government of the country. They have a lot to do with politics, but that is another matter altogether. The country is not governed by politics, but by public opinion; and public opinion makes itself felt without the aid of the vote. I have been entitled to a vote for the last twenty years, but have never once voted. If I could accompany my candidate into the House of Commons, and sit behind him, and see that he did exactly what I wished, I would vote for him. But to vote for a man you cannot control seems to me like starting a motor-car and then taking your seat at the back.

Still, that is not the point. Six million women have got the vote, and that will, presumably, make six million women happy. England will now be perfect. That, in itself, is a wonderful thought. I shall be most interested to live in a perfect country. There are so few to be found since Adam and Eve spoilt the first.

#### Mems.

It took Eve a long time to get the vote.

She and her husband then left their desirable freehold residence. Shortly after that, Cain killed Abel.

But the world was all right. Eve had had her way. Trust feminine intuition.

#### Value of a Seat in Parliament.

The commercial value of a seat in Parliament is four hundred a year. If you ask me the moral, political, or potential value of it, I cannot tell you, never having had one. I know, however, a certain number of

men who have had one, and a certain number who have got one. They never strike me as being wildly happy. But they may be concealing their joy.

After all, there must be something attractive about the House of Commons. Query: If the House of Commons were not attractive, would women have been empowered to sit there? This is a subtle conundrum—far too subtle for me.

I have heard it suggested that Members of the House of Commons voted in favour of women being allowed to sit in the House of Commons because there is a General Election pending, and these Members wished to please women and thus secure their votes. I cannot believe that Members of the House of Commons are so short-sighted.

The small number of women who care a rush about politics are divided into two classes—

- (1) WOMEN WHO WANT TO SEE WOMEN IN THE HOUSE.
- (2) WOMEN WHO DON'T WANT TO SEE WOMEN IN THE HOUSE.

Nobody will dispute that. Well, the first class will either vote for themselves or for another woman. And the second class will be very careful not to vote for the men who passed a measure to which they are violently opposed. Therefore, any Member who voted for Female Representation in the hope of currying favour with the female voter has simply voted away his chances of re-election. Q.E.D.

Personally, I have no objection whatever to women sitting in the House of Commons. It seems to me the very place for them. They like late hours, and stuffiness, and a hectic pow-wow. I can see the men gradually edging out of it, and devoting their time to money-making, golf, and bridge.

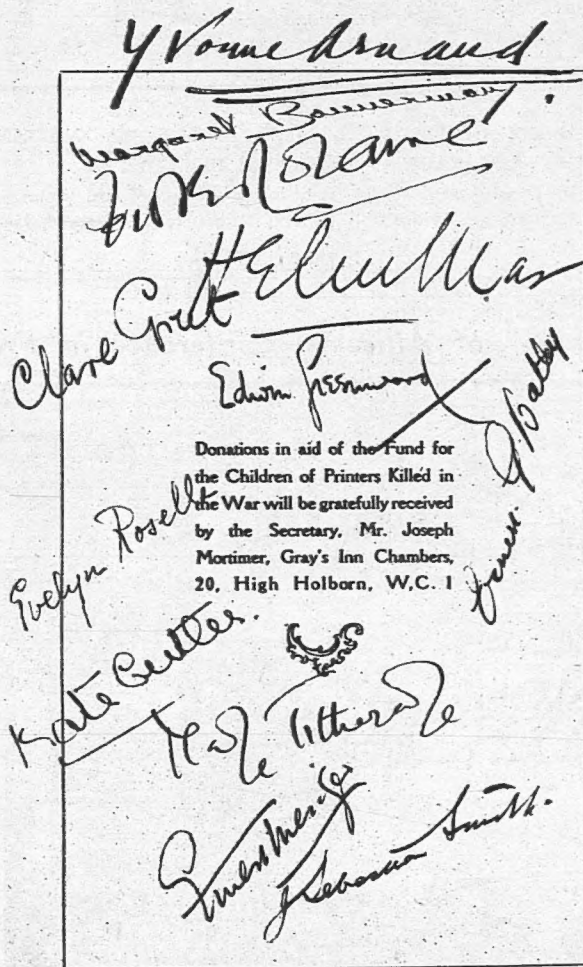
#### The Committee Habit.

Women are undoubtedly useful on committees. Anyone who has ever sat on a mixed committee will at once admit that women are then in their right place. They have amazingly good ideas, and they are not afraid to state them. I have heard an extraordinary amount of sound common-sense talked by women in committees.

Of course, nobody ever takes any notice of what is done or said or decided by a committee. A

committee is a body of persons who meet to discuss some set or sets of questions, and to arrive at conclusions which will ultimately be disregarded. No question on this earth ever came before a committee which had not been settled beforehand in the mind of some person who took good care to keep clear of the committee-room.

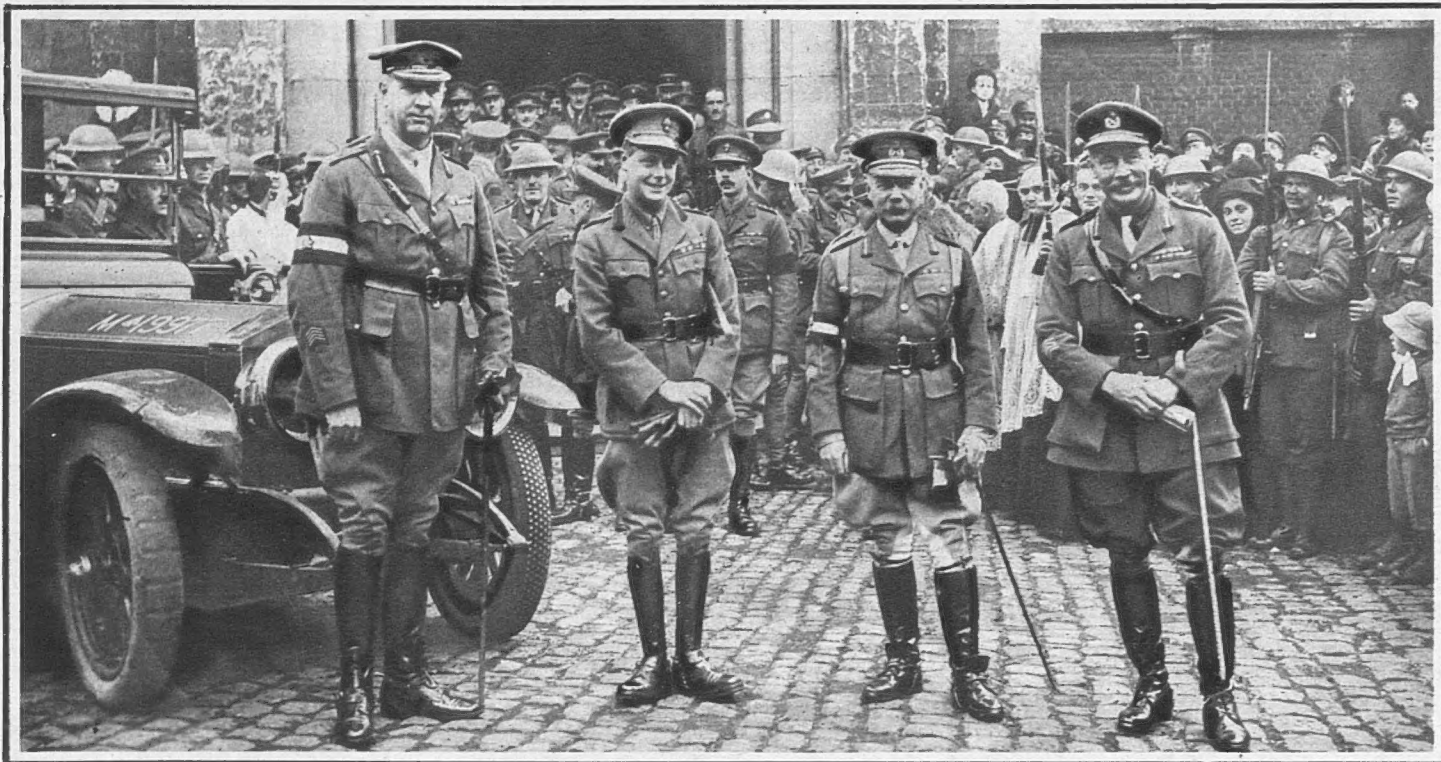
A committee-room is one of the safest places in the world for people with Time on their hands. They can waste the rascal to a harmless shadow.



Donations in aid of the Fund for the Children of Printers Killed in the War will be gratefully received by the Secretary, Mr. Joseph Mortimer, Gray's Inn Chambers, 20, High Holborn, W.C. 1

SIGNED BY THE ARTISTES: INTERESTING AUTOGRAPHS ON THE BACK OF A PROGRAMME OF THE KINGSWAY THEATRE MATINÉE IN AID OF THE CHILDREN OF PRINTERS KILLED IN THE WAR. A very successful matinée was given at the Kingsway Theatre last week in aid of the Printers' Pension Fund for the Children of Printers killed in the War. The chief item of the programme was a performance of the Kingsway Theatre's present success, Messrs. Fred Karno and Leon Vint's production of the farce, "A Week-End." The overture was played by the Karsino Quintette. In addition to the artistes appearing in the farce (including the Misses Yvonne Arnaud, Evelyn Roselle, Clare Greet, and Kate Cutler, and Messrs. Ernest Thesiger and Fewlass Llewellyn), the Misses Violet Loraine, Madge Titheradge, Winifred Barnes, Margaret Bannerman, and Helen Mar generously contributed to the programme.



*Well Pleased—and No Wonder! Notabilities in a Captured Town.*

SMILING AS MUCH AS ANY PHOTOGRAPHER COULD WISH! THE PRINCE OF WALES; WITH GENERAL CURRIE AND A CANADIAN DIVISIONAL GENERAL.

The photograph was taken on the Western Front, in Denain, after its capture by Canadian troops. General Currie is standing at the Prince's right hand. On his Royal Highness's left hand is the Canadian Divisional General whose force captured the town.—[Canadian War Records.]

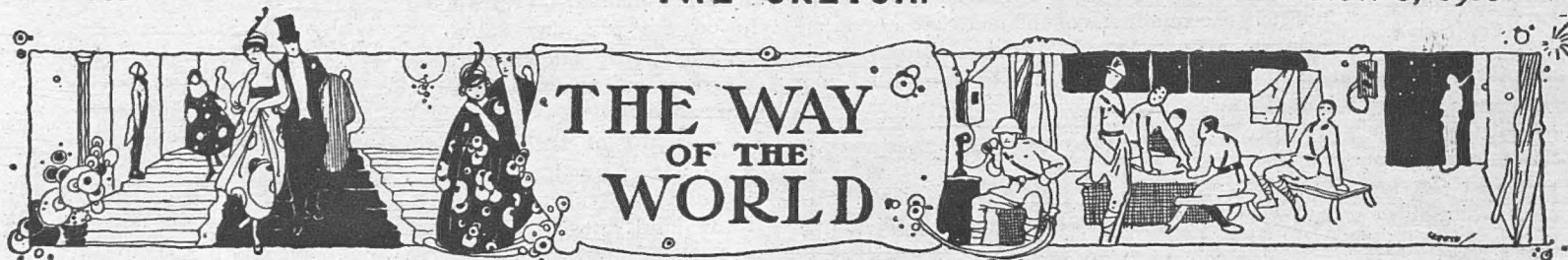
*First "Portraits" of Allies in Conference in France.*

CAN YOU NAME THE WEARERS? HATS AND CAPS OF MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE.

This amusing photograph has just arrived from France. Possibly some of our readers may exercise their ingenuity by trying to fit the wearers to the head-gear! The one who does it first should have a place in the Intelligence Department, but, unfortunately, we cannot guarantee that as a prize. As a guide, it may be added that, according to the papers, amongst those in France at the moment of writing are Mr. Lloyd

George, Mr. Balfour, Lord Milner, Sir Eric Geddes, Lord Reading, Admiral Wemyss, Signor Orlando, Baron Sonnino, M. Pashitch, M. Venizelos, Belgian and Japanese statesmen, Admiral Benson, Admiral Sims, Admiral Theon di Revel, Admiral Grassi, and Colonel House, while France is represented by M. Clemenceau and others. With ingenuity and some imagination misfits may be avoided.—[French Official Photograph.]





### Leaves and Ladies in the Park.

Hyde Park, which can do all sorts of things when it likes, has taken on quite a romantic air during the past few days. The grey mist which poets and other irresponsible people have taught us to associate with autumn drifts along Rotten Row, and all the time the brown leaves keep falling. I saw quite a lot of brown leaves falling the other day on Lady Garvagh and the Dowager Lady Kilmorey. Others who were silhouetted against this autumnal background were the Dowager Lady Tweeddale and Mrs. Arthur Hamilton. My companion on this occasion was Lady Lymelyghte, and she remarked on the fact that the only person whom we had seen wearing a toque was the Dowager Lady Kilmorey.

### Toques.

Lady Lymelyghte waved her hands in the most expressive and emotional fashion. "Having seen Queen Alexandra in a toque, I really can't help wondering—I really can't—why everybody does not wear one," she observed, in a tone of protest. "I wish everybody had Queen Alexandra's face," was the best reply I could make to an excited lady who simply dotes upon toques.



PRINCE YORIHITO OF HIGASHI FUSHIMI, REPRESENTING THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN. His Imperial Highness presented to the King the sword and badge of a Field Marshal in the Imperial Japanese Army. Photograph by Alfieri.

### The Princess's Purse.

Just to show that toques still have a royal vogue, Queen Mary, accompanied by Princess Mary, arrived at Caxton Hall the other day (to open the Women's Institutes Exhibition) wearing one of real royal blue. There was a guard of women policemen, seemingly composed of the most remarkable characters—but then, I

am not modern enough to feel any ardour for a woman policeman of any description. There were any number of cheers for the Queen and the Princess, who received five hundred and seventy purses full with bullion for the War Time Fund. And now comes the joke. When the Princess left the Central Hall, wherein she had been showing certain signs of nervousness, she confessed that something had gone amiss. "I have taken all these purses," Princess Mary whispered, "and, do you know, I have lost my own." As a matter of fact, this was not entirely correct, as the Princess's purse was subsequently found by an attendant, underneath a cushion. Our little Princess is almost the only member of the Royal Family who insists on taking out a purse. The other members are quite content to borrow money if it is necessary for them to spend it.

### Rich Beggars.

The Royal Family are not at all alone in this peculiarity.

I remember once spending a very interesting hour with the late Sir George Lewis, wandering about the deserted squares of the City one Sunday afternoon, and when we parted Sir George, who was the richest lawyer of his time, said to me quite casually, "Lend me five shillings; I shall have to take a cab, and I never by any chance carry money." You have to be a man of notable wealth to pursue this course in life—a course which was very popular with the late Lord Rothschild. He once went into a City tea-house for a cup of tea and a bun, and found that he had not sufficient coppers on him to pay the bill. So he sat and waited. Presently a junior clerk employed at his nearest office entered the tea-shop, and Lord Rothschild borrowed a shilling, amidst the blushes of the clerk. Afterwards he sent for the clerk, and gave him twenty-five pounds, with the paternal remark: "See what you get for drinking tea. Had you been in a public-house you would not have met me and been able to lend me a shilling. Therefore you would have got nothing in return." The

young man replied, with a candour which did not entirely augur well for his future, "But I'm going to spend this in a public-house. I have never had a 'pony' before, and I am going to treat all my pals."

### A Military Portrait.

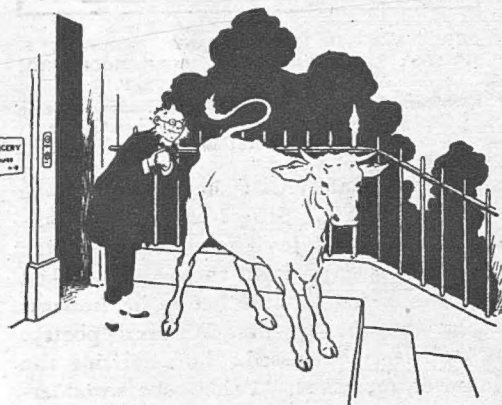
I really don't know what I ought to say about the pencil drawing of Field-Marshal Viscount French which the Duchess of Rutland has presented to the exhibition held at Countess Grosvenor's house. I suppose in a certain way it has caught a certain likeness of the Field-Marshal in some certain mood. But it would never do if Field-Marshal Lord French were to carry it about with him in miniature as a passport. In fact, this portrait reminds me of another portrait which was done of Lord Kitchener, with a great eye to character and atmosphere. Kitchener stared at the production with his enigmatic eyes for some time, and then dashed off to the nearest photographer. "Take my photograph," he said to the person who, I am sure, would like to be called a photographic artist. "How would you like it taken?" said the P.A. "I don't care a damn how you take it," replied Kitchener; "I only want to see what I really look like." He believed in the dictum "Know thyself."

### STRICTLY IMAGINARY!

"Miss Tsianina, a Cherokee Indian, is going to France to sing to the American Indians over there." This is our Artist's idea of the affair: needless to say, a strictly imaginary conception.



ON AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT, TWO DAYS OUT. First Sambo, who is really enjoying the sea, to his dark companion, who has gone below: "Nigger! Come up! We're passing a ship!" The Voice from Below: "I don't want to see no ship. You jes' call me when we're passing a tree!"—Evening News.



### A BULL IN A SURGERY.

"A bullock being driven to slaughter . . . to-day made a dash for a surgery, and the patients in the waiting-room beat a hasty retreat to the inner rooms of the house. The doctor came on the scene, and, opening the front door, showed the visitor out."



WOOL FROM DOGS' COMBINGS: THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL WATCHING SPINNING.

The combings of dogs' hair are now spun for the manufacture of woollen garments, at the Red Cross workrooms in the Royal Academy. It will be noted that the two placards visible show that the hair of Pekinese and Collies is being used. The work is done by the British Dogs' Wool Association.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



A C.B.E.: MRS. LILIAN MOORE-GUGGISBERG (MISS DECIMA MOORE); WITH MISS ADA MOORE AND MISS EVA MOORE.

Mrs. Moore-Guggisberg is seen in the centre. She receives her decoration for excellent work done as one of the Hon. Secretaries of the British Army and Navy Leave Club in Paris.

Photograph by Sport and General.





### "LI.-G.'s" Confession.

Talking of portraits and public men and politicians reminds me of the fact that a certain portrait of our beloved Prime Minister still remains as an heirloom to the nation as executed by John. I hear that the friends of Miss Elizabeth Asquith have even suggested that this portrait should be used as a poster at the forthcoming election by all candidates who are opposed to Lloyd George and his Win-the-War ways. Personally, I think that would be a little unkind. You know what happened when Lloyd George gave John a series of sittings. For the sake of conversation, the artist asked the subject what was his favourite picture; and Great Britain's future saviour confessed that he had never seen a picture in his life which compared in beauty with "His Majesty the Baby"—a picture which shows a very representative Metropolitan policeman holding up the traffic in Piccadilly Circus while an exceedingly unrepresentative baby girl crosses the road. I have often thought that the John portrait was finished in revenge for this confession.



IN THIS STYLE?

"Hunting will be in full swing throughout the United Kingdom in a few days."

bride being attacked by influenza. And when we got into the church everybody seemed to be afraid that they had caught influenza in its most virulent form, or were going to do so in the immediate future. Miss Reid Walker still looked convalescent as she walked to the altar under what Joy told me was a sort of canopy of crêpe-de-Chine, not to mention a silver-bordered veil of Brussels lace and a very long train. I sat next to an old gentleman who confided to me during the ceremony that he had had the "flu" three times, but that he thought the disease was misnamed. As we left the church, a stalwart policeman sneezed three times, and remarked to anybody whom it might concern, "It don't matter what yer call it—I've got it all right."

**The New Gallery.** I thought there would be quite a rush when the ordinary Strangers' Gallery in the House of Commons was opened to the incoming tide of womanhood.



AT LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SHERBROOKE'S WEDDING: LIEUTENANT W. GRIGGS, THE FAMOUS JOCKEY, AS A POSTILLION.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Sherbrooke, D.S.O., was married the other day, at St. James's, Piccadilly, to Miss Eileen C. McLaren. Lieutenant Griggs, M.C., M.G.C., acted as one of the postillions. [Photograph by Advance Photo Co.]



AT THE BEAVER HUT, IN THE STRAND — OPENED BY SIR EDWARD KEMP LAST WEEK: THE KIT STORE.

Photograph by Sport and General.

### The Influenza Bridal.

I hope nobody will be annoyed with me, but I cannot help describing the marriage of Brigadier-General Reginald Hoare and Miss Reid Walker at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, as an influenza ceremony. In the first place, the marriage had been postponed from the previous week, owing to the



TAYLOR-JONES: A COLD-STREAM GUARDS - AIR FORCE WEDDING.

The wedding took place the other day of Lieutenant F. G. Taylor, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Elsie Jones, a Quartermaster in the W.R.A.F. The bride is the daughter of Mr. J. Towyn Jones, M.P.

Photograph by L.N.A.

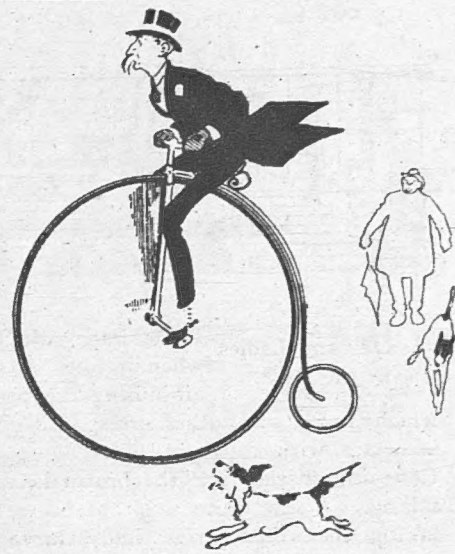
of womanhood. Although I realised that there could be no Press photographers present, I rather fancied that the semi-beatific forms of Lady Diana Manners, Lady Cunard, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith would grace the occasion. Apparently I am as vague as "Old Moore" in my anticipations, for none of these characteristic representatives of

British womanhood turned up on the first day when women were allowed to emerge from their own private gallery and the mysterious obscurity of the Grille. Of course, Miss Joy Ryde was there, and eager to note all the notabilities whom she expected. She told me afterwards that it was rather like an unsuccessful spiritualistic séance. Nothing materialised. The first woman to put in an appearance was Miss Lindsay Balharry, who, I understand, hails from Cheshire. She studied her list of questions very carefully, and was afterwards joined by such earnest spirits as Lady Greenwood and Mrs. Lees Smith. When Joy left the gallery she remarked to one of these ladies that no Member of Parliament had seen fit to make a joke. "My dear," replied her friend, "they are all jokes."

**In Town.** My lively little relative is tremendously excited because one of her great poetic heroines, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, happens to be in town. According to Joy, Mrs. Wilcox is just too lovely. At any rate, she is the versifier for a vast audience, and I think one may say with safety that she has never done any of her readers any harm. Still, I can't help recalling an occasion when one of Joy's predecessors—there were no such things as flappers in those days—asked poor John Davidson, a few months before he drowned himself, what he thought of Mrs. Wilcox's poetry. Davidson was a little embarrassed; but, noticing the youth of his inquirer, remarked, "I think she's wonderful." "But she's quite different from you," observed his little friend. "Oh, quite," answered John. "And what is the real difference?" asked the pertinacious one. "Well," said John, with a sigh, "I'm a man who writes poetry, and I attract the duns. She's a woman who writes verse, and she attracts the dubs. That's the difference."

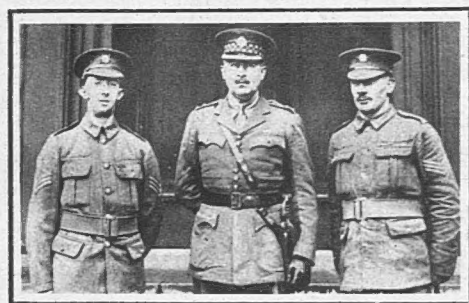
### Girls and The Bard.

has been talking to Iris Hoey. Iris and Madge Titheradge are going to play Shakespeare, and, according to Joy, will be seen in a number of male characters. "It's quite as it should be," says Joy, "because, you know, in Shakespeare's time boys used to take the girls' parts. Now it's our turn." I suppose it will be all right; but my recollection of Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet is the memory of a pantomime boy with all the fun knocked out of the part. A fat man next to me on that occasion brightened up when Sarah sighed out the word, "Absinthe, absinthe" ("Wormwood, wormwood"). He rubbed his hands, and confessed in a loud whisper, "Ah, that's sensible, that is. I could do with a drink of any sort just now." **THE WORLDLING.**



THE MODERN MOUNT.

"Walking up Putney Hill, I was startled to see a faultlessly dressed middle-aged man rushing down it on a 56-inch ordinary narrow-tyred (period 1885) bicycle."



THREE V.C.'S IN ONE COMPANY: SERGEANT F. MCNESS; LIEUTENANT C. A. BOYD ROCHFORD; AND SERGEANT J. MCAULAY.

Each earned our greatest military distinction while in C Company of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards.

Photograph by Sport and General.

The women are going to lay violent hands on Shakespeare. Joy knows all about it, because she has been talking to Iris Hoey. Iris and Madge Titheradge are going to play Shakespeare, and, according to Joy, will be seen



AT STONEHENGE.

First Antiquary: "Those old rocks must have been here a good time!"  
Second Antiquary: "Rather! Before the war, I reckon."



## SMALL TALK



LADY LEITRIM, who has been reported to be using up some of her superfluous energy in weighing out the daily ration of coal to which her household is entitled, still finds time to attend to outside interests. Long before the war came to stir up enthusiasm for women who work, Lady Leitrim busied herself establishing clubs for educated women obliged to earn their own living, so it was only natural that her sympathies in war time should incline to efforts especially directed towards providing resting-places for weary women workers.

*In a New Rôle.* Miss Betty Pollock, who surprised a charity-matinée audience with her clever imitations of well known actresses last week, has already established a reputation for herself as a clever actress; and more than one charitable organiser has accounted herself lucky in securing the active assistance of the tall, slim daughter of the City Chamberlain and Treasurer in her money-making efforts.



A MILITARY WEDDING: MISS GLANFIELD—CAPTAIN CROUCH.

Captain Henry Crouch, of Horley, is in the Royal Air Force, and is shortly to marry Miss Muriel Mary Glanfield, of Chalvey Park, Slough.—Miss Muriel Glanfield is the daughter of Mr. E. E. Glanfield, of Fairholme, Chalvey Park, Slough.—[Photographs by Drake.]



Yorishtoh Fooshmee. But in the case of Japanese Princes the proper name is seldom used; some courtly circumlocution is the rule in referring to such notable people. When the present Emperor was married the event was never referred to as a wedding, but as the "august occasion for congratulation." The presentation of a sword of honour is, perhaps, the highest compliment that can be paid. For in Japan still the sword is revered as the soul of the Samurai, and an almost mystical veneration attaches to historic specimens made by the famous smiths of centuries ago.

*The Ambitions of Ludendorff.*

The German papers are writing very freely about Ludendorff since his resignation. But, in attributing to him "Napoleonic ambitions," they dare not say outright what is, nevertheless, very generally believed. Ludendorff, at any rate, was generally regarded as a very dangerous man—not only by the

German "democrats," but by the Kaiser himself. There was more than a suspicion that his real object in engrossing every kind of power was to become master of Germany. He used Hindenburg as a stalking-horse, and was perfectly ready to let that rather thick-headed hero receive all the popular worship so long as he had the real influence. I am told by neutrals in close touch with Germany that it is extremely improbable that the last has been heard of Ludendorff, who is only biding his time to gratify ambitions of the most far-reaching character—practically limitless!



TO MARRY MR. RUSSELL LANDALE: MISS GLADYS PHIPPS.

Miss Gladys Phipps is the daughter of the late Mr. C. E. P. Phipps, and Mrs. Phipps, of Chalcot, Wilts. Mr. Russell Landale, I.A.R.O., is the son of the late Mr. D. G. Landale, and Mrs. Landale, of Limpsfield Grange, Surrey.

*Photograph by Bassano.*



ENGAGED: MISS GRACE MORLEY.

Miss Grace Morley, whose engagement to Major Eric Clarke, of The Buffs, is announced, is the only daughter of the late Major-General Francis Morley, of Marrick Park, Richmond, Yorks, and Mrs. Morley, of Holden House, near Tunbridge Wells.

*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

tation of having sat on more Commissions than any living man, has been admitting an interested world into his confidence on the subject of the domestic arrangements in his Cadogan Square mansion, where there has been no kitchen fire for two months, and the family circle dine and spend the evening in the same room just like any thrifty, ordinary middle-class family might do. It has been said that the wife of one of our famous Generals has given up buying flowers; Lady Rhondda, if I recollect aright, declared once that she observed one foodless day a week; and Miss Elizabeth is reputed to be wearing the same brown coat and skirt she had last spring, thereby suggesting that she, too, is seriously devoting herself to war thrift. If only some enterprising writer would tackle the task, quite an interesting volume might be written on the Economies of the Distinguished in the Great War.

*Prince Fushimi.* Japanese names are a stumbling-block to the British, and it may be well to explain that our august visitor from the Island Empire of the East pronounces himself almost like

*Not Alone at Her Job.*

Lady Leitrim is not the only member of Society (with a big "S") to adopt the rôle of private coal controller. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who has the reputa-



A MILITARY WEDDING: STAFF-CAPTAIN A. C. R. WAITE—MISS IRENE AUSTIN.

The marriage of Miss Irene Austin, elder daughter of Sir Herbert Austin, K.B.E., and Lady Austin, of Lickey Grange, to Staff-Captain A. C. R. Waite, M.C., Fourth Divisional Artillery, Australian Imperial Forces, drew a large congregation to Lickey Parish Church, on Oct. 16. The Ven. the Archdeacon of Birmingham performed the ceremony. Sir Herbert Austin, who wore the uniform of an Hon. Colonel of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the Worcestershire Regiment, gave his daughter away, and Captain Sanderson acted as best man. The church was beautifully decorated and a guard of honour was supplied by a contingent of the Austin Works Troop of Boy Scouts, and there were also present officers and men of the "D" Company (Austin's) of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion, Worcestershire Regiment.

*From Bruges to Harley Street.*

In aid of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild Mrs. McTurk has been showing in her house in Harley Street her delightful water-colour drawings of Bruges. Fortunately, these are not the relics some people thought they might easily become. Bruges still stands to show how true these drawings answer to the actual bricks of halle and belfry, gable and gargoyle. But there was quite a little stir of excitement about the might-have-beens the day that Princess Beatrice came to see the drawings—they seem to have gained an historic interest from the ordeal through which the Flemish city had just passed. A million designs of hardly disguised crosses ornament the details of that architecture; and Mrs. McTurk, perhaps, loved them the more because of the crescented suggestions of her own signature. Equally inspiring in its incongruity is the name of Lady Crutchley borne by the most deft and delightful of all dancers for war-charities.



## LADY KINDERSLEY, WASTE-PAPER MERCHANT: WAR SAVING.



LADY KINDERSLEY COLLECTING WASTE-PAPER.



FIXING THE "DON'T WASTE PAPER" NOTICE.



LADY KINDERSLEY RINGING HER WARNING BELL.



MISS PEGGY KINDERSLEY COLLECTING.

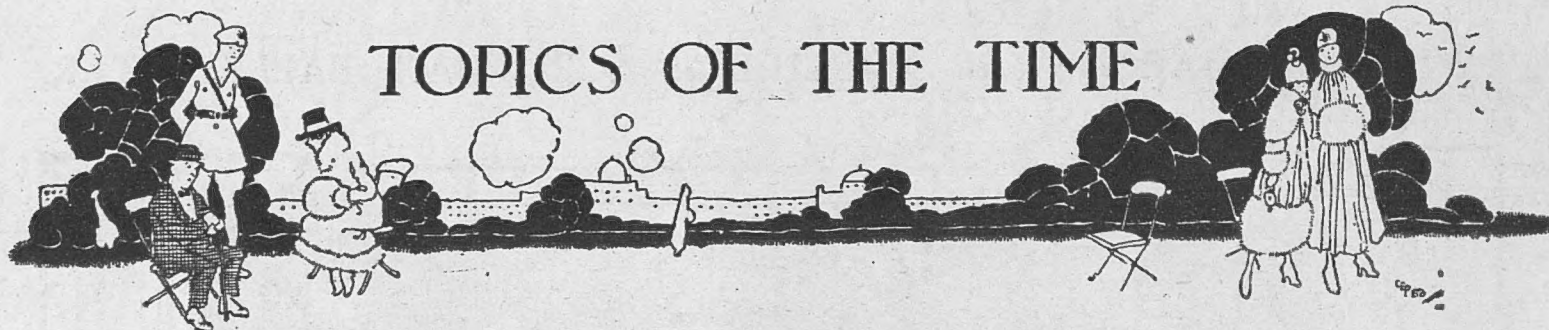


MISS BETTY KINDERSLEY AT WORK.

As becomes the wife of the Chairman of the National War Savings Committee, Lady Kindersley does not believe in waste that cannot be turned to account. At Abbot's Langley, she has become waste-paper merchant for the nonce. Aided by her daughters, she collects the local waste-paper, ringing a bell to attract attention, and carrying the paper away in a couple of donkey-carts. Her house is used as a store, and eventually the paper is sold for the benefit of the Red Cross and the Fund

for Soldiers' Comforts. She is aided by Belgian refugees. Before her marriage, Lady Kindersley was Miss Gladys Beadle, and she is daughter of the late Major-General J. P. Beadle, R.E., of Queen's Gate Gardens. Sir Robert Kindersley, whose K.B.E. dates from last year, is not only Chairman of the National War Savings Committee, but a Director of the Bank of England, a Co-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a partner in Lazard Brothers. His country place is at Abbot's Langley.





## TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I are going to be moles. In other words, a tunnel to Ireland is having the consideration of Parliament. The sea is not good enough for us. Neither is the surface of the earth. We must burrow. It is all part of the grand scheme of social and commercial development. It is progress. It is what the war is for.

Attention to a priceless boon I beg respectfully to call. *A little bit of Heaven soon will be within the reach of all!* (I do not mean that Heaven above, familiar to the soaring lark, but that of Hope and Peace and Love as understood near Phoenix Park.)

We shall not have to book a berth or board an ordinary train, but simply dive into the earth and afterwards come up again. (Nor shall we, as I've said, alight from subterranean machine where thrones are gold and saints are white, but rather where St. Stephen's Green!)

Hullo, Women M.P.s! Now you're off! And why not go on until one of you is Prime Ministering Angel—and you've changed the House of Lords into the House of Ladies?

A lot of things I want to know about the new M.P.s. The questions that concern me so are, principally, these: Will ladies, told their leave to take, sit down and kick and screech? Can married Memberesses make what's called a "maiden speech"? And will they into tantrums fly when contradicted much? And will they "catch the Speaker's eye" with bonnet-pins and such? And who will hear the Speaker speak when Memberesses want to shriek?



IN THE WAR-ZONE: FRENCH WOMEN MAKING A CAMOUFLAGE SCREEN.  
*Official Photograph.*

And when the Upper House they reach (supposing chance affords), will they the Law presume to teach to Justices and Lords? Perhaps they'll be domestic more, and seek no giddy heights? Perhaps they'll simply "sweep the floor" and "put the House to rights"? Then, how in papers shall we see their titles written down? Will they the "Upper House-maids" be, or "Servants of the Crown"? And will they give Lord F. a push, and pinch his Woolsack for a "cush"?

"To save coal and light, people in the West End are going to bed earlier."—*Daily Paper.*

"I'm saving coal and light no end," writes Daphne to a country friend. "To bed I go at nine or so, and read until eleven. Of course, I have a fire, but there's the saving of the one downstairs; and, with a bright but shaded light, it's absolutely Heaven! One has to make a sacrifice—and, after all, it's rather nice!"



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S HOME FORCES:  
SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S SON AND HEIR.—[*Photograph by J. Weston.*]

The cleverness of Wilson's historic Reply consists in its having given a loop to the enemy, but no loophole.

Like Fagin in his cell condemned, with quivering lip and fearful stare, by spirits of his victims hemmed, all mocking at his black despair (an eagle with a broken wing, yet savage still for all its pain), there sits a man who once was King, but never can be King again!

The guilt weighs on him thick with blood, and heavy as the souls of men who spilled it for him in the mud, and then—Almighty God, what then? No gain for them, no gain for him! The dogs of war in vain let loose! No loophole—but a *loop*—and grim the thing's resemblance to a noose!

But, there—hang the Kaiser! The man's evil shadow is always bothering round and spoiling sport, and being a Potsdam nuisance generally. Away with him (hear, hear!), and let me try and pick up with the girls again. . . . I see that a new restaurant and café at a popular seaside town adds "vocal concerts daily and afternoon and evening dances" to its "highest-class cuisine." And there are wicked people who dare to suggest that one is lured to restaurants by things that are not included in the menu! Shame!

"Here, Waiter—bring the bill of fare! I'm here to *eat*, you understand! Yon Jack and Jill can have my share of vocal concert, dance, and band." The Waiter coughed, arranged the screen, and in a fairly neutral voice suggested, first, a small sardine—perhaps a giddy one for choice? He fetched it; more inquiries made; and fumbled with the candle-shade.

"For fish?" "Well, let me see," I said, philandering with a fossil roll, described officially as bread—"I'll have a charming little sole." "And after that?" "A little bird." "And then, Monsieur?" "Some pastry—light; and then some fruit—a peach preferred." "Monsieur, is that sufficient?" "Quite." And none could say (he would not dare) I wandered from the bill of—*fair!*

A. B. M.



# "WIFE OF HAROUN AL RASCHID": A RUSSIAN BALLET STAR.



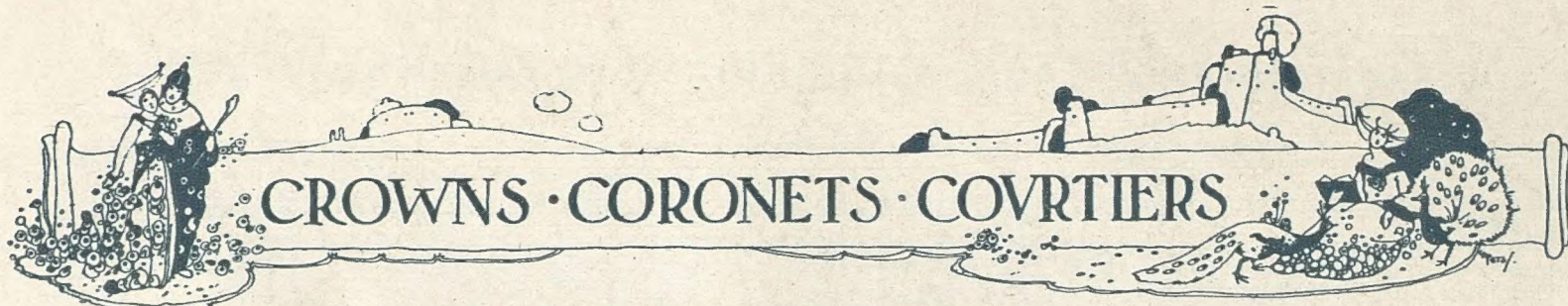
AS AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: MME. LUBOV TCHERNICHEVA IN "SCHEHERAZADE."

In "Scheherazade," Mme. Tchernicheva plays Zobeide, wife of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid—a part well suited to her beauty and talent. She does not dance much in the character, but, as in "Cleopatra,"

shows herself once more an actress of rare grace and distinction; while in the dance with M. Massine she evinces an extraordinary feeling for rhythm and that passion for which the Russian Ballet is famous.

*Photograph specially taken by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*





VERY little has been heard of late of the Royal Family of Roumania by their friends in England. For Roumania the defection of Russia was a "fiendish" incident—the fit word is the Queen's own, and I find it in, perhaps, the last letter which reached London from her hand. This hitherto unpublished letter

tells of her unbroken spirit prior to the political Germanisation of her country. "I have always hoped," she tells her English friend, "to be able to send you a little better news, but the danger we live in has become so great that anything can happen. Never has country been placed in a more deadly position. We are jammed in between an overpowering enemy and a fiendish friend. By the time this letter reaches you our fate may be sealed, and it is quite dark for us what that fate may be. Some advise us to escape in aeroplanes to Salonika, but we prefer to sit tight and show no fear."

"Gentlemen,  
the Queen!"

The Queen continues in words which seem, by

their own bravery, to overleap the

bounds of a private correspondence: "I only want you to know that, whatever happens to us, we never complained, however hard we were hit. But, in spite of our soldiers' wonderful heroism, we may be dimly destroyed by those who were supposed to be our friends. I do not even feel bitter about it. I feel quite calm—when misfortune is too great it turns you to stone. You have not even tears. You ask God 'Why?' and you cannot understand. But, — dear, I want you to think of me as one who never gave way, who always managed to have a smiling face amidst fantastic misfortunes, and as one who, even as a prisoner, an exile, or a wandering beggar, would still believe in the justice of our cause and in my country's right to live."

*Quite at Sea.*

Lady Sybil Scott's "Book of the Sea" is easily the best anthology of the sort yet published. But some of its readers have been at sea in more senses than one, for they have identified the anthologist with the Lady Sybil Scott who is the Duke of Buccleuch's daughter. An anthologist not quite twenty, and more interested, people said, in the season than in the sea, yet praised by Sir Henry Newbolt in a whole column of the paper to read which is a part of one's Sunday's observance! Her innumerable cousins were agog all that day with pleasure and envy. But they were on the wrong tack. Months ago, this column made the first

disclosure that such a collection was being made by Lady Sybil Cutting, whose marriage in Florence with Mr. Scott has also been since recorded. Books of reference, however, have not yet had time to make the entry, and so the Duke's daughter stands there as the only one of her sibillant name. The real anthologist is the daughter of Lord Desart; she has lived long enough at her villa in Fiesole to escape the common knowledge of her recent change of name, and has herself, by her first marriage, a daughter nearly the contemporary of the Lady Sybil Scott who is distinguished from her namesake for the moment as *not* the anthologist.

*A Slip of the  
Cowdray Pen.*

The hurried guest of the Pearson family who sent to the *Times* the notice of the christening of the Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson's new baby made a slight slip of the pen. The "infant son," it said, "received the names of Helena Daphne. For that is not the first sign of a pooling of men and women's names such as might, perhaps, answer to the new movement which is to put women upon the Treasury Bench, and has already put so many of them into breeches. Helena Daphne—a god-daughter of Princess Christian—is no innovation, but only a girl. Perhaps, however, the wish was father to the slip, for the great nursery in Lord Cowdray's eldest son's household is populated mostly by little people in petticoats. Even when the boy was born, eight years ago, a twin girl accompanied him into the world that holds so much in store for him. Both the grandmothers, Lady Cowdray and Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, assisted the last very lusty-voiced newcomer at the font.

*East and West.*

Lord Cowdray has been lucky enough to own two properties in Sussex—Cowdray Park, near Midhurst, and Paddockhurst, near Worth. Over the large areas and the small areas of earth—in continents and in cities—men of the West have a way of looking down on men of the East; but Lord Cowdray is doubly armed—if he is east at Paddockhurst, he is west at Cowdray. That romantic place, which eventually yielded him his title, came into his possession by purchase; and his own history and that of the last Lord Egmont supply in vivid characters the fortunes and vicissitudes of English families. Before he succeeded his cousin, the eighth Earl of Egmont, who died eight years ago, had been a salt-miner in Cheshire, a handy-man at the Cape, a sailor in the merchant service, a keeper of Chelsea Town Hall, and a member of the London Fire Brigade—the latter a strange "turn" to be taken by a member of a family on whom "the curse of fire and water" was supposed to fall after the ancient alienation of the Cowdray property from its monastic owners.



THE PRETTY DAUGHTER OF  
A D.S.O., D.S.C.: MISS JOY  
NICHOLL.

The charming little girl of whom we give a new photograph is the daughter of a distinguished officer, Lieutenant-Colonel (late Squadron-Commander) Vincent Nicholl, D.S.O., D.S.C., of the Royal Air Force.

*Photograph by Swaine.*



LENDER OF HER MANSION FOR A HOSPITAL:  
THE HON. IRENE LAWLEY.

The Hon. Irene Constance Lawley is a daughter of the third Baron Wenlock. Since the outbreak of hostilities she has been an energetic worker for the war in various fields of benevolent effort, and, among other things, converted her famous mansion, Escrick Park, a beautiful place near York, into a hospital, in which capacity it has been doing valuable work for more than a year.

*Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.*



A WORKER AT THE ADMIRALTY: MISS  
CHICHESTER.

Miss Chichester is a daughter of the late Admiral Sir Edward Chichester, and sister of the present Baronet, Sir Edward George Chichester, tenth holder of the title. Miss Chichester was studying painting in Italy when war broke out, but returned to England and has been working at the Admiralty.

*Photograph by Hugh Cecil.*



## AS IT IS DONE IN SARAWAK: THE NEW RULER'S ACCESSION.



*The  
Rajah of Sarawak  
and  
the Ranee.*

WITH HIS WIFE (LORD ESHER'S DAUGHTER): H.H. CHARLES VYNER BROOKE UNDER THE STATE UMBRELLA.

His Highness Charles Vyner Brooke, third Rajah of Sarawak, was publicly proclaimed Rajah in his capital in August last. The late Rajah died in May. The ceremony of the accession of the new ruler was picturesque and impressive, as the chiefs throughout the whole dominion assembled to pay homage and declare allegiance to their new Ruler. The Ranee

was, before her marriage in 1911, the Hon. Sylvia Brett, and is the younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Esher. Their residence in Sarawak is The Asterna. Our photograph shows the Rajah and Ranee on their way to the ceremony. The Heir-Presumptive, Captain Bertram Brooke, Tuan Muda of Sarawak, brother of the Rajah, bears the Sword of Honour.



# WITHOUT PREJUDICE

**B**RUTAL people the Germans! This dastardly attempt to stop the war (and bring down the price of apples) is simply paralysing for people with charity performances to fix up; nobody except the lady who dresses in antimacassars and recites "The Charge of the Light Brigade" out of a note-book is going to book engagements to appear at a pukka Czecho-Slovak Matinée when it may turn into a Reconstruction Rally at the last moment.

The sudden threat of peace, which has sounded such a jarring note among the echoes of the Jazz band and the revival of military dancing, must have been a dreadful shock to our friends the photographers. Because, you see, no more war means no more war-workers. Arbuthnot in flight. Reported abdication of Lafayette. Crown Council at the Vandyk Studios. Our Stockholm correspondent learns from Ispahan that well-informed circles in Baker Street are facing with profound resignation the prospect of a return to pet Poms and chorus-girls in Rolls-Royces.

But they were hard at it at the Savoy not so long ago. It was in the grey dawn of Their Day, and lots of Them were all dressed up

get it up in the Garden Suburb now that the Bulgar's swelling heart beats (under protest) as one with ours; and little Ferdies for the buttonhole would sell like hot cakes, anyway. Sofia papers, please copy. And is it true that the Jig-saw ex-champion of a big officers' hospital has been summoned to the Foreign Office to advise "A. J. B." about the Balkan Settlement? Mr. Secretary Balfour's tennis is positively becoming a feature of British foreign policy; it is suspected at Queen's that he keeps it up in order to electrify the Peace Conference with a quotation from the tennis-ball scene in "Henry V."

Gradually getting over the excitement about the M.P.resses (if that is the correct number and gender), and wondering if St. Stephen's will look very like the Albemarle when they get there. I thought something would probably happen when a sedate all-male club descended on the Albemarle during the cleaning season and drank all its drinks. Result: Lady members of Albemarle become eligible for Parliament, Dover Street marches on Westminster, and cleans up last male cellar in London. Cannot avoid the hope that the Old Gang will put some of its ladies in the House; then we shall



THE SPECIAL MISSION FROM THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: NOTABLE PERSONAGES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

On Tuesday, Oct. 29, the King received at Buckingham Palace Prince Yorihiro of Higashi Fushimi, who presented the Sword and Badge to the King, and the members of the Japanese Mission appointed with Prince Yorihiro to hand to his Majesty the Sword and Badge of a Field-Marshal in the Imperial Japanese Army. Our photograph shows: (L. to R., standing): The Earl of Pembroke; Mr. Akira Takahashi; Lieutenant-Commander Takeo Yamagata; Mr. Hagashi, Secretary to the Japanese Legation; the Master of Sinclair; Major-General K. Tanaka; Major Leslie Rowley Hill; Mr. Yoshida; Deputy Surgeon-General Dr.

Ryoshichiro Amenomiya; Commander Sir Charles Cust. (L. to R., Sitting): Captain Marquis Toshinari Mayeda; Lieutenant-General Sir William Pulteney; Rear-Admiral H. Iida (Japanese Naval Attaché); Viscount Sutemi Chinda; Lieutenant-General Goro Shiba, who handed the Sword of a Japanese Field-Marshal to Prince Yorihiro which he presented to the King; H.H. Prince Yorihiro; Vice-Admiral Kozaburo Oguri; H.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught; Captain Jiro Nango; and the Marquis Katsunosuke Inouye. The occasion and Mission were of exceptional interest.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

in little white pinnies with red fixings, and appeared to be playing dumb-crambo on a platform, whilst a gentleman from the War Museum clicked the snapshot shutter at them, and terrified waiters paused for an instant on their way upstairs to serve early breakfasts (out of syphons) to the men who really run the war. And if anybody ever asks Them what They did in the Great War, they can unhook the picture from the wall and put him wise. If he is too young to recognise the Savoy in the background, they can call it "Nursing in France; or, How Granny Dodged the O.B.E."

Jolly of them, all the same. Father may be brushing up his war-aims in the study (and looking up the address of the *Times* in the telephone-book); but Family continues to carry on, whether by shaving slices off the refugees in Whitehall with the back wheel of M.M. cars, or by pinning gollywogs on strange old gentlemen for fourpence, or (as they say in the Statute Book) otherwise. When is that Bulgarian Flag Day coming? I am sure they would love to

have a Nintellektual Treat from "the Honourable Member in panther-skins below the gangway."

About that yashmak habit. Odd that we should be taking to them in Trafalgar Square about nine years after they have dropped them at the Golden Horn; but we were always a bit slow in the uptake, and it is a great improvement anyway. Being dabbed in the button-hole by Auntie in her dazzle-paint was always a rather dispiriting experience; and a frolic with the camouflaged fair is far more exciting, because that one—no, not the one with the harlequin set of eyes, but the one coming now—may be Her herself. Do you get the spirit of the thing? It is the glorious uncertainty which drove our fathers to whist and Little Horses that will eventually turn charity into a popular form of sport. It only remains for some enterprising lady to carry the development a single stage further, and we shall be able to give a shilling to a Sister of the Miserere with her head in a bag with two eye-holes in it, and to tell everyone for weeks how we bought a lucky elephant from Lady D. herself.



## FROM "HULLO, AMERICA!" A PLAYER AT THE PALACE.



LADY DAHLIA PARAGRAPH: MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR.

Miss Madeline Seymour plays a number of parts in "Hullo, America!" at the Palace. She is seen, for instance, as Lady Dahlia Paragraph, in the Harbour which someone deleted; as the Lady de Boeuf in "The

Old Knight and the New"; as A Lady in "On the Pavement"; as Mrs. Blunder; and as Mrs. Featherstone-Smythe. Of a surety, the art of versatility could no further go.—[Photographs by Rita Martin.]



## READY TO BE "ALWAYS A WIDOW": THE H

NOT DATING FROM THE THREE HUNDREDS, B.C.! MISS DORIS KEANE

Miss Doris Keane, since the memorable day when she first took London by storm as the heroine of that remarkably successful play, "Romance," has not merely retained her popularity, but strengthened it; and the delightful sense of piquant comedy shown in her creation of Roxana has added to her friends. There is no pungent romance in that amusing play, which is more or less a comedy of make-believe and much ado about nothing; but into it Miss Keane infuses so much of her personal charm that the American husbandless wife becomes one of the most delightful little ladies imaginable. A comedy of cross-purposes, of wilful misunderstanding and harmless coquetry with a husband whose affection she flouts, but to whom she is prepared to be "always



# HEROINE OF A COMEDY OF CROSS - PURPOSES.

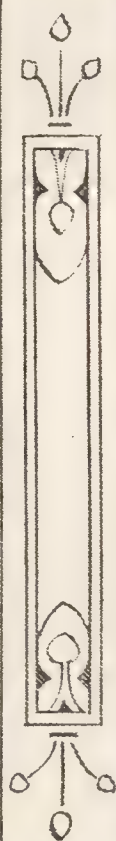


## S KEANE AS THE VERY MODERN ROXANA, AT THE LYRIC.

a widow," might be made something more than piquant, but Miss Keane plays her part with unimpeachable taste as well as a fine sense of comedy; and her dresses, as may be imagined by those who study our pictures of her, are just "a dream." The historical Roxana, it may be noted, had a less happy career! A Bactrian Princess, daughter of Oxyartes, and wife of Alexander the Great, she was put to death, with her son, by order of Cassander, in 311 B.C. There is another dramatic "Roxana"—a Latin tragedy by William Alabaster, printed in 1632—and a literary "Roxana," Defoe's novel, published in 1724, both of curious interest.—[Photographs specially taken by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



## CHEZ ELLE : A SINGER TO SOLDIERS —



WITH SHAWL AS BED-COVER, MUFF

Miss Winnie Melville, recently in "Bubbly," left the cast of that revue to work at a canteen, where, in addition to canteen work proper, she is also singing in Mr. Cochran's banner in a new production not yet



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## AN IRISH PEERESS-WAR-WORKER—AND HER FAMILY.



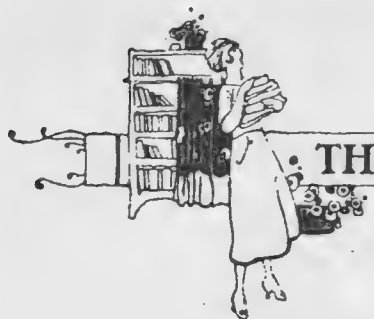
HELPING IN WAR BENEVOLENCES: VISCOUNTESS BANGOR, WITH HER SON AND THREE DAUGHTERS.

Lady Bangor, wife of the sixth Viscount Bangor, is seen in our photograph with her children—the Hon. Edward Henry Harold Ward, and his sisters, the Hons. Mary, Helen, and Margaret Ward. The heir to the Viscounty was born in 1905. Lady Bangor has been, since the outbreak of hostilities, an energetic and ever-ready helper in any work or effort

of a beneficent character in connection with the war. Major Viscount Bangor has been on active service, and has been mentioned twice in despatches for his work in the Dardanelles. The Viscountess, before her marriage, was Miss Agnes Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of the late Mr. Dacre Mervyn Archdale Hamilton, of Cornacassa, Co. Monaghan.

*Photograph by Poole, Waterford.*





## THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



"PRACTICALLY any intelligent man who wants money can have as much as he wants," says Ferdinand Hahe, in one of Barry Pain's whimsical "Innocent Amusements"; the men who fail are those who, when they set out to make money, "do not use their intelligence, and do not take trouble." However true this may be about money (and I have never proved the truth of it to my satisfaction), it does not seem to be so true when what a man wants is glory or large chunks of the habitable globe.

Otherwise, Wilhelm of Berlin would not be reduced to devoting his talents to the composition of peace notes. He knew what he was after, and, in trying to get it, used all his intelligence and undoubtedly took trouble—took so much that he has accumulated more than he knows what to do with, but that wasn't what he required. You may gather inside information to that extent from "The Kaiser I Knew," than which I have seldom read any more piquant reminiscences. Mr. Arthur N. Davis, an American, was the All-Highest's dentist, and before and during the war had over a hundred private interviews with him for the purpose of repairing the Imperial teeth. It does not appear that he ever yielded to temptation and drew some, but he had grand opportunities. After the business part of the interview was over the Kaiser liked to gossip—to tell Mr. Davis his secret opinion of Lloyd George, Roosevelt, Wilson, or chat about current events that had pleased or annoyed him. "Davis," he said, "your country will never be truly great until it becomes a monarchy," and he scornfully doubted whether America could accomplish anything "with a professor at its head." He has probably altered his mind since then; for the professor has been doing things. There are capital anecdotes in the book, and the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin almost humanises the War Lord with a toothache, especially when he appears before his dentist "attired in a red flannel undershirt."

Writing a few weeks ago of an excellent pacifist anthology of "Poems Written During the Great War," I questioned the claim of one poet, calling himself "Miles," to speak for the fighting men in general, and added that he was presumably not in khaki. He now writes, still pseudonymously, to say I was wrong, and he has had a year in the fighting line.

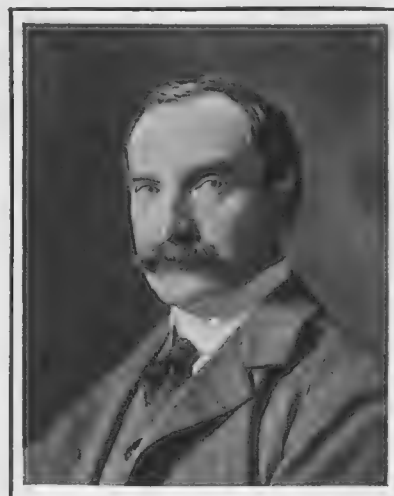
Nevertheless, I do not accept him as a representative spokesman, and could justify that refusal by quoting from hundreds of books that soldiers have written. Take two of the latest, for example. Lieutenant A. L. Jenkins believed in the cause for which he fought, and gave his life for it. The verses in his "Forlorn Adventurers" are graceful, imaginative, spirited, filled with a love of humanity, a passion for right; and in "Crusaders," written while he was campaigning in Palestine, he exults that—English courage goes as gay In khaki as in mail.

The second, which contains the last six numbers of the *B.E.F. Times*, was written, edited, and published in the trenches, by men who were going through some of the worst horrors of the war; and, if they faced them with a buoyant courage, a stoically flippant

humour, it was not because they enjoyed them, but because it is an instinct with the majority of our race to make a virtue of necessity and not of whimpering against it.

Their magazine is mainly a parody of the popular features of our home newspapers. They parody the advertisements—there is a joyous burlesque of the Pelman testimonials—they satirise the heroics of that famous war-correspondent "Teech Bomas," and other prominent journalists; there is a Children's Corner, and an irresponsible Correspondence column. If you think of it, there is something far finer and more poignant in all this cheery, clever nonsense than in the solemn naggings of any doctrinaire philosophy of irrational pacifism. The evil of war is upon us; it cannot be evaded; and such men as those who wrote the prose and verse of the *B.E.F. Times* are meeting it in the only spirit that can crush and triumph over it.

That spirit and the human hopes that underlie their tonic laughter find great utterance in Ronald Macfie's "War." He sees, in the beginning of time, the chaotic war of elements from which the beauty of the world emerged, hears from the trenches of to-day—



THE NEWLY APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A. Mr. Solomon, to whom no one will grudge his new and well-earned honour, was born in London in 1860. His striking paintings are famous, and not the least interesting of them are his portraits of Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and other notable people.

Photograph by Lafayette.

... the muddy boys with merry breath  
Chorus a mirthful song,  
and knows that—

Not conquest of great cities,  
Not mastery of great seas,  
But little loves and pities  
Will be their victories.  
Yea, little loves and pities;  
And children on their knees—  
Fair children to inherit  
New soarings of the soul,  
New faculties of spirit  
As centuries unroll. . . .

The echo of old wars is in "Schonbrunn," a vigorous, picturesque romance of three days in the life of Napoleon—three days when he was in Vienna, and an attempt was made to assassinate him. Our own war comes to bring German spies and stirring incidents into the closing pages of "The Valley of Bells," which opens with a mysterious murder in Cornwall, and takes you on an exciting treasure-hunt into Mexico. An ingenious story, ably told and alive with interest. Love and mystery and sensation again keep your attention pleasantly on the stretch in "Playing the Game," with a girl and her money for the pivot on which they all turn.

### BOOKS TO READ.

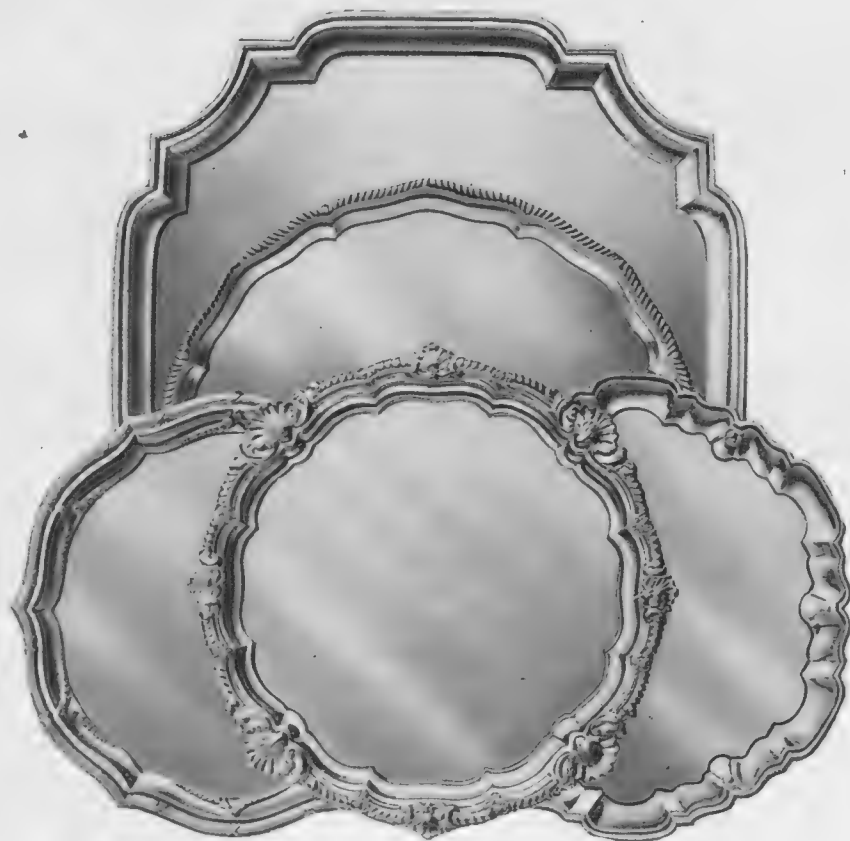
*Innocent Amusements.* By Barry Pain. (Werner Laurie.)  
*The Kaiser I Knew.* By Arthur N. Davis. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
*Poems Written During the Great War.* (Allen and Unwin.)  
*Forlorn Adventurers.* By A. L. Jenkins. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)  
*The B.E.F. Times.* A facsimile reprint of the Trench Magazine. (Herbert Jenkins.)  
*War.* By Ronald Campbell Macfie. (John Murray.)  
*Schonbrunn.* By J. A. Cramb. (Putnam.)  
*The Valley of Bells.* By David Whitelaw. (Jarrold.)  
*Playing the Game.* By Armiger Barclay. (Simpkin.)



A SPEAKING LIKENESS OF A PRIVY COUNCILLOR: CAPTAIN THE RIGHT HON. SIR FREDERICK EDWIN SMITH, P.C., ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Sir Frederick Smith's portrait which we give is from a painting by Ben Ali Haggin, one of America's most fashionable artists. His vogue, and his talent, have brought him fame and fortune, and he has been called "The Millionaire Painter." Mr. Haggin is at present in London. Sir Frederick has just been gazetted Captain in the Territorial Force Reserve.—[Photograph by International Portrait Service.]





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HIS MAJESTY  
THE KING.

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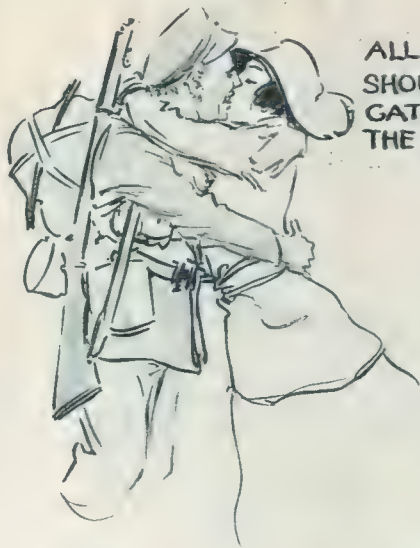
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# "SEASON"-ABLE GARDENING HINTS.



ALL THE 'PLUMS'  
SHOULD NOW BE  
GATHERED WITH  
THE 'LEAVES'

FULLY EXPOSE  
YOUNG 'PLANTS'  
IN  
'COMMON FRAMES'



OVERGROWN 'BRANCHES'  
SHOULD BE CUT BACK  
TO SECURE THE BUSHY  
HABIT



A LITTLE  
'TOP DRESSING'  
WILL GREATLY  
BENEFIT OLD  
'SHOOTS'



## FROSTS

THIS IS THE  
SEASON WHEN  
SOME 'PLANTS' ARE  
'TAKEN IN'



## NOVEMBER

SUN	3	10	17	24	
MON	4	11	18	25	
TUES	5	12	19	26	
WED	6	13	20	27	
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## R.A.F. UNIFORMS AND THEIR VARIANTS.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

**A** PROPOS R.A.F. uniforms—that unending subject of discussion—somebody was arguing the other day as to how many different kinds of uniform are correct wear in an R.A.F. mess according to regulations to-day. For purely historical reasons, the styles seem worthy of setting on record. Firstly, there is the pukka naval uniform of the R.N. officer who belonged to the R.N.A.S. He wears the gold bird of the R.N.A.S., but with the crown-and-anchor cap-badge and buttons of the Navy. Secondly, there is the R.N.A.S. uniform proper, with the bird on cap-badge and buttons. Thirdly, there is the uniform of the R.N.V.R. officer, attached R.N.A.S., who wears the gold bird, but with R.N.V.R. cap-badge, and wavy stripes on his sleeves, and Navy buttons. Fourthly, there is the naval khaki serge uniform, as worn for land service overseas—a khaki kit of more or less Army type, but with a Navy cap with a khaki top, R.N. badges and buttons, and khaki rank-stripes on the sleeves. Fifthly, there is the same khaki uniform with R.N.A.S. badges and buttons. Sixthly, there is the same khaki for R.N.V.R. attached R.N.A.S. Seventhly, eighthly, and ninthly, there are the same three khaki uniforms, but in tropical khaki drill. These are all regulation R.N.A.S. kit, which may still be worn till worn out.

**The R.F.C.** Turning now to the R.F.C., there is, tenthly, the old (and very handsome) mess kit of the R.F.C.—dark-blue, with pale-blue facings, and the broad red stripe of a Royal regiment down the legs of the overalls. Eleventhly, there is the original double-breasted R.F.C. jacket, which is chiefly worn by ground-officers in charge of stores and so forth. Twelfthly, there is the regulation Field Service jacket of the Army, with R.F.C. buttons and badges. Thirteenthly, there is the same in tropical khaki.

**The Regular Army.** Fourteenthly, there is the regimental uniform of the officer of the Regular Army, Special Reserve, or Territorial Army attached R.F.C. With them must be included officers of the Indian, Australian, New Zealand, and Canadian Armies, each with their distinctive uniforms. Therefore, the variations may be anything between a Highlander's kilt and the bit-burnishers of the Indian Cavalry; and, as there are dozens of such variations, one is compelled in mercy to lump the lot under the generic head of Army uniform. Incidentally, a Highlander tunic with the R.F.C. pilot's wings or the single wing of the observer affixed thereto looks quaint, though apparently it is perfectly correct to wear it, so long as the wearer is attached R.F.C.—or rather, R.A.F. Fifteenthly, also lumped together for brevity's sake, there is Army uniform in tropical khaki. Sixteenthly, there is the mess kit of the Army officer attached R.F.C., each according to his particular regiment or corps. Seventeenthly, there

is the double-breasted uniform of the Australian Flying Corps—the only Overseas Dominion which has a flying service of its own. Eighteenthly, there is the A.F.C. uniform with ordinary Field Service jacket. Nineteenthly, there is the same in tropical khaki.

**The R.A.F.**

Twentiethly, there is the first style of Royal Air Force uniform, the khaki Field Service jacket with a belt of its own cloth instead of a Sam Browne, and with rank-stripes of khaki and pale-blue on the sleeves. Twenty-firstly, there is the same in tropical khaki. And, twenty-secondly—and lastly, so far—there is the latest R.A.F. blue uniform, with gold rank-stripes on the sleeves. Possibly one has omitted a few others, owing to sheer brain-fag in trying to remember all the regulation variants; and, if so, one will be pleased to hear from any R.A.F. people who can recall any others, for in the interests of the future members of the R.A.F.—when the uniform finally settles down into uniformity—the variegations of the transition stage really ought to be put on record.

**Leg-Wear.**

Of course, one has left out of reckoning all the variants of leg-wear, which include stockinet overalls—for correct mess dress—ordinary slacks, breeches and puttees, breeches and field-boots, breeches and leggings, breeches and stockings (with shoes), and "shorts" with bare knees and stockings and shoes. The two last are for wear in aerodromes only. Also boots and leggings may be black or brown, according to the demands of the occasion. And there are several entirely unauthorised variations which appear to go unchallenged. For example, one has seen R.A.F. officers in brown buckskin riding breeches, and in brown corduroy.

**An Atrocity.**

About the worst atrocity so far observed in this way was a pair of corduroy breeches with box-cloth strappings, all in the latest R.A.F. blue. True they were in a West-End shop-window and not actually being worn; but doubtless someone will buy them and wear them before long. The R.A.F. blue in fine corduroy looks rather like plush, and the effect on a fair and babe-like wearer should be to give him a strong resemblance to an overgrown Little Lord Fauntleroy.

**An Opinion.** Personally, one is inclined to believe that ere long one of two things will have happened. Either the R.N.A.S. will have gone back to the Navy, and the R.F.C. to the Army, each to wear the regulation Service uniform, leaving the In-

dependent—or Imperial—Air Force to itself and the R.A.F. blue. Or else the R.A.F. will have been divided into three distinct branches—one for the Navy, one for the Army, and one for independent air operations. And, in the latter case, each will have its own uniform, to match the Service with which it operates.



ROYAL LUGGAGE! A SUIT-CASE AND A FOLDING-BED—FOR CAPTAIN PRINCE ALBERT.

Official Photograph.



PRINCE ALBERT FLIES TO FRANCE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN FLYING-KIT.  
Prince Albert flew to France the other day with Major Greig.—[Official Photograph.]





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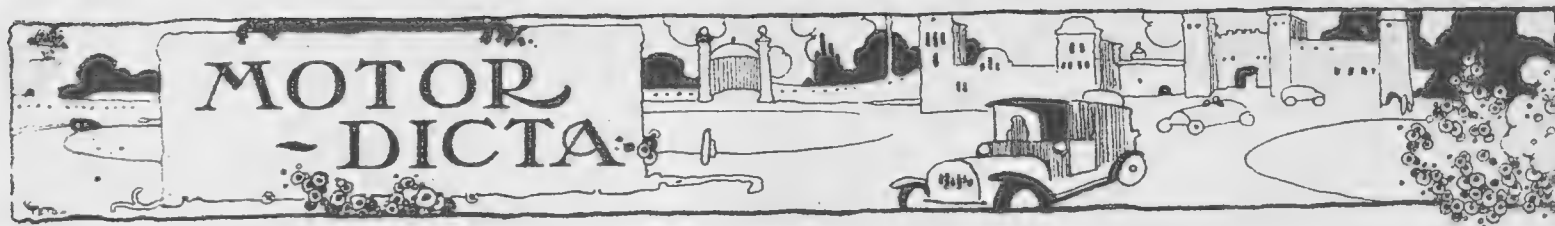
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## A NEW IDEA: THE "FELLOWSHIP OF OLD-TIME MOTORISTS."

**The Old Brigade.** If the *Motor* has its way, we shall all very soon be tagged and docketed and separated into groups, as the sheep and the goats. We shall some of us be classified as "was-ers," and the rest will be indeterminates. The brilliant idea is for a "Fellowship of Old Time Motorists," and, so far as I can discern, the qualification demanded of a Fellow is that he should at some time have owned a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  Benz, or some such comic device which aforetime we called a car. Not that the project has reached anything like a concrete existence yet. It is still in the making, and I understand that the interested are to hold a meeting—and, of course, form a committee. There is a word of warning that I think should be taken to heart by the initiators of the idea, and that is that by no means should the qualification for fellowship include any cast-iron provision that everyone who took part in the historic Emancipation Run to Brighton in 1896 should, *ipso facto*, be eligible. If they make that mistake, then the Fellowship will be swamped forthwith, for the number of survivors of that run is legion. They are at least as numerous as Colonels of the Grand Army of the Republic. By actual count, I make it that there are living at the present moment rather more than five thousand who claim that they duly reached Brighton by car on that November day two-and-twenty years ago. Of those who started and failed to reach the objective I have no record of the numbers. To be serious for a moment, I rather incline to like the idea of banding together the little group—I use the adjective in a comparative sense—of pioneers. You see, they were sportsmen to a man, or they would never have stayed in the game; and it is just as well that, now we have got motoring reduced to a mere method of locomotion, we should do what we can to maintain so much of the sporting interest as is possible. Otherwise, I should incline to jib at the idea of the "Old Brigade" business. After all, motoring is still young, and it is full early for us to admit that some of us are getting into the sere and yellow, and that we must fall back on past achievement for so much of present glory as we can collect out of our Fellowship. However, it is quite a good idea, and I doubt not will be well received by the pioneer group.

**The Cippenham Dépôt.** I cannot help wondering, like most of us who have given it any thought, who and what is behind that precious scheme of the Cippenham motor depot. Whoever is really responsible must have a pretty powerful pull, since the War Office seems determined to pursue the

wonderful place, which the powers that be ever is needed for the purposes of the war, for demobilisation, and for use after the war. As it cannot possibly be in working trim for another twelvemonth, it is obviously—unless all the signs are at fault—not wanted for the war. If we have really fought the war to secure a future of peace and disarmament, it is just as obvious that it is not wanted for use after the war. *Q.E.D.*, it can only be useful for the period of demobilisation; and it seems a difficult task to produce



WHEN AT THE FRONT: "THE CRUMPS," THEIR MASCOT INTERPRETER, AND THEIR MOTOR-LORRY.

"The Crumps" were at the St. James's Theatre, by courtesy of Lady Forbes-Robertson, last week, giving their entertainment in aid of the "Our Day" efforts of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. They are a Divisional Concert Party, straight from the Front, who were formed some twenty-two months ago, and have given over five hundred and fifty performances to over half-a-million soldiers of the Allies, on occasion within shell-fire. The majority of the party were professionals before the war. The lorry here shown carries an electric-lighting installation for lighting the huts, etc., in which they appear.

any convincing justification of the enterprise on that ground alone. Some people seem to think that the real intention is that the State should become a motor manufacturer on a large scale. Well, even if that be so, there is this to be said—that there will be some very nice jobs going for those who are lucky enough to be well on the inside of things. But I, for one, shall not expect to buy a Cippenham-built car for less money than I should pay for any other—and I shouldn't buy it if I could. It would probably be no better than anything else that is already in the market and available for public consumption.

**The R.A.C. and the A.A.** I hear there is nothing doing in the matter of amalgamation between the R.A.C. and the A.A. The break-off, it is said, came about on

the question of nomenclature of the new body. The A.A. people wanted it to be called the "Royal Automobile Associates," a title which a moment's reflection would have shown them was impossible without the sanction of the King. The Club was perfectly willing that it should be called the "R.A.C. Associates"; but that, in the view of the other side, would have meant the virtual absorption of the A.A., and the latter would have disappeared altogether from the rota of automobile organisations. Personally, I don't see that it would have mattered anyway, so long as the good work was continued by the new amalgamation. It really seems to me that it is nearly time these organisations began to realise that they exist for the good of automobilism, and not for the glory of individuals. The one thing that matters is—would the fusion of work and interests have represented a saving of effort and of the motorists' fighting funds? If the answer is an affirmative, then no question of title ought to have been allowed to stand in the way. If a negative, of course there is no more to be said. Anyway, I don't think the last has been heard of the matter. As soon as we have leisure to attend to these things there is going to be made a very strong demand for explanations of what these bodies are doing, and why they exist at all if they think more of personal dignity than of the general good. The war has altered our outlook on a lot of things, and on the motoring organisations among them.



ON THE "WHIPPET" IN WHICH HE RODE TO THE MANŒUVRE-GROUND: THE KING AT THE DÉPÔT OF A TANK TRAINING-CORPS.

Photograph by Alfieri.

policy of squandering public money on works that may prove useless for the purpose for which they are avowedly designed. A mere £1,750,000 is to be frittered away on the building of this





*A ten mile tramp—a wayside inn—a tankard of the best—a cut from a ripe Stilton—a wedge from a crusty loaf (pre-War model)—*

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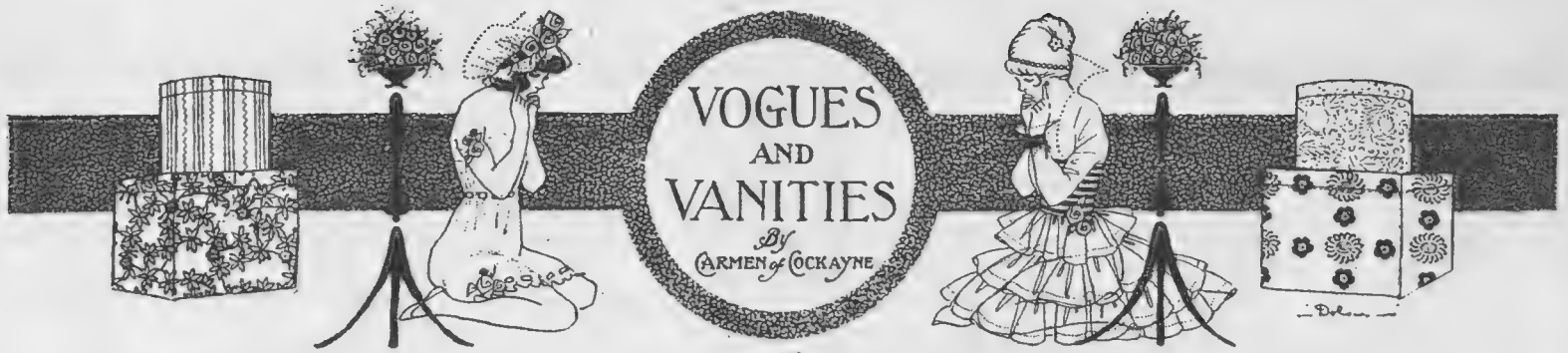
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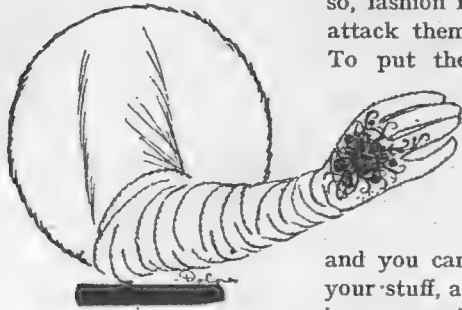
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### The Ascending Collar.

Collars are going up, and so are sleeves. The rise has nothing to do with price, though the principle that the less there is of a gown the more you pay for it still holds good. What is happening is that, after leaving women's necks severely in the cold for three years or so, fashion is once more advancing to attack them in high-collar formation.

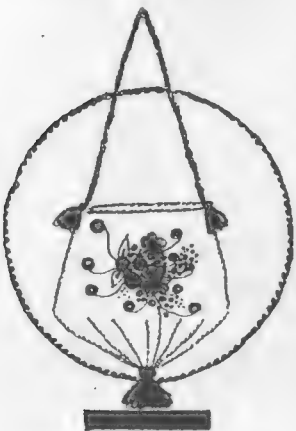


Woollen gloves go a long way towards keeping the arms warm. The flowers make them more attractive.

To put the matter in quite simple English, it looks as if dressmakers were making a quite determined attempt to bring in high collars once more. But, as everyone is pledged to economy and you can't cut your collar without your stuff, any increase in collar inches is accompanied by a distinct shortening in sleeve-length. It was illogical to bare a neck and hide an arm. It is even more illogical to emphasise the "day" character of a gown by giving it an abnormally high collar, and at the same time complete it with a sleeve of a character seldom seen except on an evening dress. But women, fortunately for their peace of mind, are not troubled by such trifling inconsistencies. Who ever expects Fashion to be logical? Could any woman, or man either for that matter, love her if she were?

### Some Newcomers.

Every day sees some fresh attempt to lighten the lot and cheer the heart of women who are trying to face as bravely as may be the horrid possibility of showing a blushing nose to an unsympathetic world. But it is a hard lot that has no compensations. "If you can't look pretty, look as pretty as you can," is a sound motto. It is not, either, a difficult one to adopt, as Dolores' sketches to-day help to show. Woollen gloves, for instance, have an unpleasant tendency to make the wearer's hands look even larger than nature may have made them. But you can forgive a good deal to a glove that's got a group of Futurist flowers embroidered in wool on the back of it; and even become reconciled to carrying parcels—if they are not too big—when the duty involves ownership of a bag that just happens



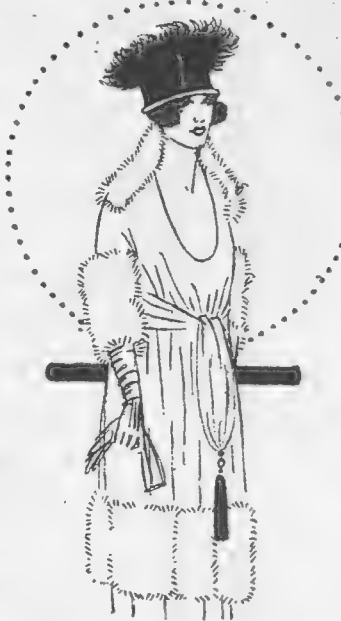
A bag in any other material than wool might be quite useful, but would not have the charm of novelty.

in which one has always been told the really womanly woman likes to clothe her charming self? Will she be forced to "uncover" and address the House sheltered only by Marcel waves and diamond-studded pins, or will she rise to tear

an opponent's speech to tatters radiantly gowned and perfectly hatted in the latest paradise-plumed confection from Paris? Personally, I rather like Dolores' idea of a Parliamentary hat, with its delicate suggestion of a "topper," and appropriately feminine finish in the form of a swirling fringe of osprey surmounting the crown. Eve, M.P., might, too, go further and find many things less suitable for her official garb than the business-like jumper coat that's not plain enough to be dull nor trimmed enough to be too frivolous, and—most important point of all—is sufficiently becoming to suit every type of woman.

### The Living Present.

But it will probably be some time yet before women M.P.s become a part of the political machine, and so provide women with a fresh excuse for frock-buying. Meantime, one can't have it both ways. More of the frock would mean less of the woman; you couldn't have it vice versa. Besides, there is always the obligation to save to be borne in mind, and, so far as evening gowns are concerned, there is no immediate danger of anyone transgressing against the canons of thrift. They are amongst the few things that afford opportunities for retrenchment at both ends without inconvenience, for the brief skirt still remains fashionable, and is far more convenient for dancing purposes than those that cling closely to the figure.



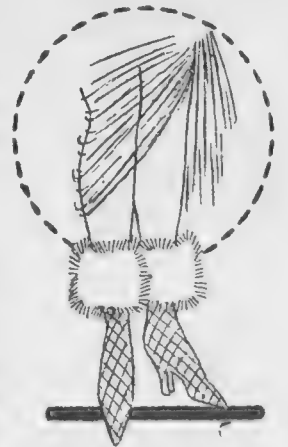
In some such get-up Eve M.P. might face the most critical house with confidence.

### Not Easy to Reconcile.

Furs and economy do not at first sight appear to have much in common. But the artist in furs has no notion of going down to history as the man who did nothing for his country in war-time. The disappearing taxi gave him an opportunity, and he is busy making the most of it. The short, loose fur wrap in which a woman may walk comfortably the distance she once used to cover in a motor, though it is partly designed for reasons of comfort, represents the furrier's contribution to the national thrift campaign. It is not the first time Fashion has used the war for her own becoming ends.

### Something Novel, Something New.

One can't help admiring the ingenuity of the milliner who, despite the fact that most things are controlled, is always searching for something new—and, what's more, finding it. No one thought of using white angora wool for hats till the war taught us to look for values in unexpected directions; but there is hardly a woman who would not admit that a round and rather high-crowned hat of white angora, with a black velvet edging to its apology for a brim, and a black velvet bow at the back, is not only novel, but the ideal thing for wearing with the white fox that is the most becoming weapon in Eve's dress-armoury.



Boudoir boots have two duties to fulfil: they must be beautiful, and must keep the wearer warm.



There are ways and means of making the most prosaic things attractive. Bright-coloured wool is the one adopted in this instance.





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## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### Get It to Go.

It is a case of the survival of the fittest these days; or rather, of those who have successfully evaded the germs—not Huns this time, but of the Flu fiend. There are lots of dances (many of them afternoon affairs), there are luncheons, there is the usual epidemic of sales for good causes, and there are matinées most days; but lots of those who would be flitting about to these various engagements are in bed with hot-water bottles, and with only life enough left to be pleased that the Allies are so successfully conducting arrangements for the evacuation by the enemy of occupied territory. The dear doctors, who are supposed to know everything, are at sea about this world plague of flu; and we have now rushed off into fanciful causes to account for it, such as the world travelling too fast and encountering cosmic gases. One poor patient whose doctor made him a present of some theories said, "Man alive, I don't care a tin tack how it came—but for heaven's sake get it to go!"

### Anti-Flu Pots.

The best preventive of flu is to keep any feeling of tiredness at bay, and the way to do that is to stoke well. Never let the engines run down, or even nearly down. Rations are quite liberal enough to make this possible. A good breakfast is a thing most needful, as it makes the foundation for the day. Any weary feeling must be summarily dealt with by a cup of Bovril and a little rest. Flu fiend is always ready to seize on the least sign of weakness. Bovril and hot milk is good if one is at home and can get the milk. It is palatable, and most sustaining. Weariness is more frequently felt, however, when one is out and about. A very 'cute woman of my acquaintance has taken, since the flu descended upon us, to serve out little pots of Bovril to her family, all workers. They can have a little on bread or biscuit wherever they may be, and, if hot water is available, can make it drinkable. The household is so far free of the prevailing plague, and dearly love their little safeguards, which they call their anti-flu pots.

### Women Members.

In what kind of costume will women make their speeches in Parliament? Some men are being very facetious on the subject of our conduct in the House of



*Capes of every kind and description are all the rage just now; and no wonder, as they can be made in such very different fashions and of all sorts of material. The one here shown is of moleskin with bands of white fox round the neck and loose sleeves.*

Commons. Wait a wee, our brothers. First of all, there is no such great desire on women's part to enter that legislative assembly as on that of men. We find it—that which is anathema in feminine ideas—stodgy. From our perch behind the ex-Grille we have looked down on sleepy senators, and listened to acres of words about inches of subjects. There are quite a lot of things about the House we thoroughly detest, and some of us have learned that useful lesson—what not to do! I have an idea that woman as a legislator will be interested intensely in a few things, and will conduct that interest with an energy which will astonish the old crew and wake them up. She will, of course, use her feminine weapon, dress—a very reliable one—and frumpy frocks for Westminster will be quite taboo. When the majority of subjects are being discussed my sex will pair!

### Lilliput Land.

We are going to be in quite good spirits ourselves when Christmas comes this year. If victory does not arrive by then, with peace by the hand, we shall know that they are coming, and so the fifth Christmas since war began will be the brightest. Harrods give a lead always, and in this they are doing so in a most delightful Toy Fair. There is a touch of genius in the pleasures it provides for our little people. A log cabin to play in, swing-boats, a big stuffed elephant provided

*[Continued overleaf.]*

## Clean Fighters

THE millions of big, strong-limbed super-men who are fighting to save Freedom from the attacks of an arrogant enemy, are clean men in every sense of the word—clean fighters—clean of face—clean of action—clean-minded men fighting for clean ideals—fighting to make the world a cleaner place in which to live.

Ten million men who by birth belong to one or other of the Allied Countries are Gillette enthusiasts—men who shave every day with Gillette razors, not merely because the Army regulations demand clean-shaven faces, but because their own clean ideas favor the razor which gives the maximum of cleanliness in the minimum of time.

The Military authorities of the United States have set the hallmark of official approval on the safety razor by including it in the American soldier's kit.

That is a decision of more than ordinary significance, the meaning of which must be clear to every man.

You can be quite sure that the American Army Chiefs would not have made this decision had they not been fully satisfied that a safety razor was a real necessity—was a winning factor in the great war.

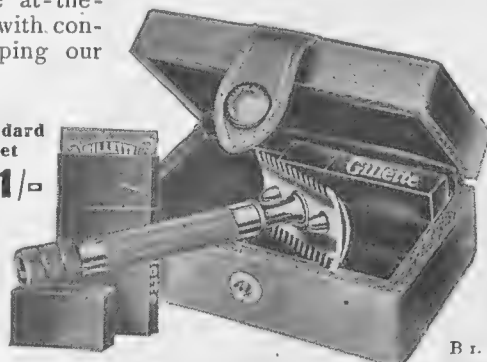
Millions of Gillettes are at-the-Front, playing their part with conspicuous success and helping our men to win their battles.

**Gillette**  
SAFETY RAZOR  
NO STROPPING NO HONING

GILLETTE Standard set, comprising heavily plated razor, 2 blade boxes and 12 double-edged blades (24 shaving edges), in case, complete, 21/-  
Pocket Edition Gillette set, in heavily-plated case, also at 21/-

Write to-day for the new Illustrated Gillette Booklet. It will be posted free on request, Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., 200, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Standard Set  
21/-







### "OVALTINE"

It is a scientific fact that "Ovaltine" sustains body heat longer than any other beverage or food drink, and unlike most beverages it is not a stimulant. It is a concentrated extraction of Malt, Milk and Eggs and possesses high Caloric food value, which is so easily assimilated that it carries at once to the worn-out cells just those necessary food elements which restore and maintain vitality and alertness. There is no fuss or bother in making. Merely stir the crisp golden granules into a cup of hot Milk or Milk and Water. Little or no sugar is required, and condensed milk may be used when fresh milk is not available.

*Send a tin of "Ovaltine" to your aviator friend. It will be much appreciated.*

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

P 275

## Nerve Force and Sustenance

Taken just before and after flight, nothing can sustain Nerve and Body like a cup of "Ovaltine."

This is the testimony of many flying men and is the opinion of the highest medical authorities in the Air Service.

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body**

A. WANDER, LIMITED  
23, Cowcross St., London, E.C. 1  
Works: King's Langley, Hertfordshire



Beware of  
Substitutes.



## I always use Anzora—

no other preparation upon the market equals the effective way in which it controls the hair. Hair may be thick, thin, curly or straight, wiry or supple. Anzora will master it. I just apply a little to the hair, before brushing, in the morning, and my head looks neat and well-groomed all day. I use Anzora regularly. **Do you?**

**ANZORA**  
HAIR CREAM

**MASTERS THE HAIR**

Anzora Perfumery Co.,  
28, 32, 34, Willesden Lane, N.W. 6.

Anzora Cream and Anzora Viola (for dryscalps), are sold in 1/6 & 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, and Military Canteens.



## KNITTED COATS FOR COLD DAYS.

**P**RACTICAL, useful and becoming, suitable for all manner of occasions.

PURE CASHMERE JUMPER (as sketch), a very attractive and becoming style, made exclusively for Marshall & Snelgrove, in a wide range of cashmere shades, striped with contrasting colours of artificial silk.

Price 5 Gns.

## UMBRELLAS.

Useful and handsome Umbrella with ivory top, fine rolling, in black and colours.

49/6

Crests, Monograms or names carefully engraved.

**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE**  
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W 1

NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.

## At last your SANATOGEN must cost you more

### Temporary Increase Unavoidable

Until this—the fifth year of the War—SANATOGEN has remained one of the very few good things that have never “gone up.”

Despite the enormous and ever-growing increase in the cost of raw-materials, manufacture, etc.—despite, too, the phenomenal demand for SANATOGEN and the relative scarcity of supplies—we have not added even a half-penny to the original advertised selling-prices.

We hoped to maintain that policy: had it been commercially possible we should have done so. But one of the basic ingredients of SANATOGEN has now become so costly that we are compelled either to lower the quality of SANATOGEN or to raise the retail prices.

The first course is unthinkable; in no circumstances would we make the slightest change in the quality of SANATOGEN, on which its whole virtue depends. We have therefore decided to charge a little more for it, but with the proviso that the old prices will be restored at the earliest possible moment.

### Please note carefully the following points:—

(1) Taking the largest-sized tin as a standard of comparison the new cost of Sanatogen works out at slightly less than 2½d. per dose, instead of 2d.

(2) Apart from its wonderful tonic effects, Sanatogen yields so much concentrated nutriment that it more than repays its cost in food-value alone.

(3) Medical men and Hospitals will continue to be supplied with Sanatogen at the old prices.

(4) The new prices, which take effect as from October 1st, 1918, are as follows:—

9/6 size is now 10/9  
5/- size is now 5/9  
2/9 size is now 3/3  
1/9 size is now 2/3

(5) The prices of our other preparations—including FORMAMINT TABLETS—have NOT been increased.

(6) As the demand for both SANATOGEN and FORMAMINT is far in excess of the supply, they will have to be strictly rationed this winter; so you should order them from your chemist as soon as possible.

### GENATOSAN, LIMITED

(British Purchasers of the Sanatogen Company)  
17, Chenies Street London, W.C. 1  
(Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda.)





## Gorrings FUR COATS

"ALLENBY"

Made in Seal Coney with large Collar of Skunk Opossum. The design is excellent, and the Coat both becoming and practical. Lined plain Satin. Three sizes Length 45 inches **£28**

The same Coat, Length 48 ins. **£29**

*Illustrated Fur Catalogue post free on request.*

**FREDERICK GORRINGE**  
Ltd.,  
Buckingham Palace Road,  
S.W.1.

## RICH CHIFFON VELVET REST GOWN

Designed and made by our own workers from rich quality chiffon velvet, to meet the present demand for warm and practical garments. In view of the greatly increased cost of materials, the price is exceptionally moderate.

**REST GOWN**, as sketch, in rich quality Lyons Chiffon Velvet, trimmed fine skunk, to fasten on shoulder, finished with ribbon sash, the sleeves to hang loose or to clip in to the wrist. In black and a large range of shades.

PRICE  
**8½ Gns.**

*NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.*

## Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London. W.1

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



"Alba"



The famed "Alba" Coats are made in many delightful materials, obtainable only from Greensmith Downes.

*Write for new List, fully illustrated.*

The "ETIVE" (on left). A very pretty artificial silk "Alba" in beautiful printed pine design, large collar, with all-round sash, in drab, green, and purple; putty, purple, and gold; grey and saxe; champagne and brown; crimson and brown. Price 94/6, carriage free.

The "GLENSPEY" (on right). Ladies' Jumper Coat in fine spun silk—very smart; in white with contrasting colours—white with black, pink, buff, sky, mauve, or covert. Price 63/-, carriage free.

**GREENSMITH DOWNES & SON**  
146 George Street, Edinburgh.

"The Queen of Knitted Coats"

## GOOCH'S VOGUE & VALUE



**GOOCH'S** Lingerie Salons evidence a variety of Underwear sufficiently comprehensive to meet every need—from the highly serviceable to those of extreme daintiness. All prices, too, are remarkable for their modesty.

Special ranges of Ladies' Pyjamas, so cosy and comfortable for the Autumn and Winter months, are offered just now. An instance is shown here.

Smartly cut Ladies' Pyjama Suit in winter weight Ceylon Flannel. Fancy stripes in pink, blue, and mauve colourings.

**10/6**

3 Suits for 30/-  
Postage, 6d. extra.

Also in better quality Flannel at 21/- & 29/6 respectively.

## GOOCH'S

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.



## Blouses

We are showing a number of very dainty models in the latest and most artistic colourings.

### "DAPHNE"

Dainty Blouse in bright corn-shade Georgette with new pleated collar

**3 Gns.**

Also in Ivory, Black, Beige and Wedgewood.

Blouses sent on approval.

**Bradleys Ltd**

**Chepstow Place.**  
London, W.



## Practical Stockinette JUMPER SUITS

Made in our own Workrooms.

A few only of these FASHION-CUT JUMPER SUITS, made of the finest quality Stockinette. Colours—Navy, Grey, Bottle, Rose, and Mauve. Trimmed with Coney Mole, as illustrated

SPECIAL PRICE,

**7½ Gns.**

Every attention given to Postal Enquiries.

Our Special Postal Service offers every facility to Ladies residing out of town. Write for particulars.

AN EXCLUSIVE COLLECTION  
OF GOWNS AND COSTUMES  
from the  
LATEST PARIS MODELS.

QUALITY.  VALUE.

**Elenid**

85 New Bond Street W.1  
(OXFORD ST. CORNER.)



CORYTON'S

## Wool and Victory

While war lasts there must be a scarcity of pure wool Wolsey. Wool is as necessary to victory as Coal or Iron. Wool is the fighting man's protection against weather hardship. Wool is therefore controlled.

Every machine in the Wolsey Factories capable of making Underwear for the troops is engaged on the work. For these reasons Wolsey can only be had in very restricted quantities.

**Wolsey**

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

If you have any difficulty in getting your Wolsey, remember that the great Wolsey Factories are helping to victory. When victory comes, one of the joys of peace will be Wolsey comfort and Wolsey in abundance.

THE WOLSEY  
UNDERWEAR CO.,  
Leicester.



**S**

Secure

**O**

Obayo

**S**

Sardines

and you will know that you have an absolutely reliable brand of real Sardines.

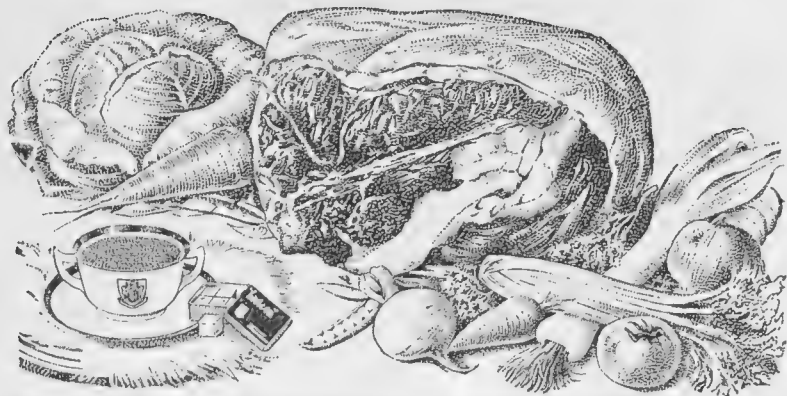
**OBAYO  
REAL  
SARDINES**

The Élite of the Sea

are carefully selected from the best of the catch. Always the same choice quality in pure oil. Look for the Gold and Blue label and insist on Obayo.

OF ALL LEADING STORES. Wholesale from  
FIELD & CO. (F.M.), LTD., 40 - 42, King William Street, London, E.C.4.





**"It's all in the Cube!"**

**T**AKE a cup of steaming hot Ivelcon three times a day—it will help you to ward off an attack of Influenza. You will not only find it sufficient for a light meal to carry you over until the morning, but it will bring refreshing sleep.

**U**SE Ivelcon daily in the kitchen. It is invaluable for making delicious soups, gravies and hashes. One cube makes nearly half a pint of delightful consommé—a welcome first course to a well-arranged meal.

**I**VELCON is the essence of prime beef, delicately flavoured with fresh vegetables. It contains no gelatine, yeast or preservative of any description. To prepare Ivelcon simply pour boiling water over a cube—one cube makes a breakfast cupful.

Sold at pre-War Prices.

6 Cubes 6d.; 12 Cubes 1/-; 50 Cubes 3/6.

# IVELCON

ST. IVEL LTD., YEOVIL.

## CORSETS

Our Corset Department offers quite exceptional advantages to customers. It is under the control of a clever Corsetière, who personally designs every pair of Corsets offered for sale. The result is that ladies are able to buy quite inexpensive Corsets made from thoroughly reliable materials upon the most scientific principles. We have now an exceptionally good selection of Corsets and Corselets in stock, including the Tricot Corset.

**LE CORSET GRACILE.**—Extremely low at bust with band of elastic, long over hips. Made in Cotton Broché.

PRICE

**35/6**

Can also be made in extra quality material.

**Debenham & Freebody**  
(DEBENHAM'S LIMITED)  
Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London, W. 1

Famous for over a Century  
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

NOTE.—This Establishment is closed on Saturdays.



## FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

USE

# DARA

**THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT  
SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS**

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully,

(Original of above, also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices **10/6 & 21/6** (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

**ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT** 92, NEW BOND STREET,  
(Oxford St. End) LONDON, W. 1

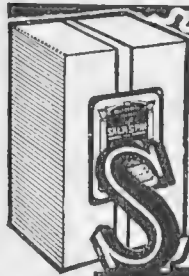
Telephone—GERRARD 3782

Also PARIS & NEW YORK.

TRADE



MARK



The medically-prescribed  
remedy for Headache and all  
Nerve Pains, Rheumatism, &c.

# SALASPIN

BRITISH MADE (TRADE MARK) STANDARD QUALITY

For **"HOWITZER HEADACHE."**

Slip a bottle of "Salaspin" Tablets into your next parcel for the Front. A safe, sure relief for the nerve-wracking headaches caused by gun-fire, etc.



Of Chemists,  
25 tablets 1/-  
100 tablets 3/-

Medically prescribed dose instructions  
contained in each carton.

T. KERFOOT & CO., The Garden Laboratories, Bardsley Vale, LANCs.

2052

# Lotus

**T**HOSE men who must have their boots either nailed or fitted with rubbers should not have them repaired with synthetic soles; for tacks or nails, or even the rivets used for fastening rubbers, when driven in in anything like a row, tend to break these soles.

Fortunately, neither nails nor rubbers are wanted when boots are repaired with synthetic, for these soles are about as hard-wearing as nails and about as non-slipping as

rubber. They are excellent for golf and for those men who are hard upon their boots but must, say for business reasons, wear them with smooth plain soles.

Synthetic soles are a substitute for leather and are used by the shops that sell Lotus and Delta for repairing men's boots and shoes.

Lotus Ltd, Stafford  
Makers of Delta War-time Boots  
City Telephone  
London Wall  
6989



Delta War-time

Pairs... 27/6

Singles... 13/9

Made by Lotus Ltd





It is in the *material*—in its suitability in design and colouring—that the attractiveness of the garment lies.

Your new restgown, teagown, or dainty wrap will be assuredly graceful and becoming if made of Cepéa Filane.

Designed in a variety of pretty and striking patterns in a wide range of colourings, Cepéa Filane is 30 inches wide and costs 2/11 a yard. Ask to see patterns at your drapers or write for pattern book and name of nearest draper who holds a supply to

THE CALICO PRINTERS' ASSOCIATION, LTD.  
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT,  
ST. JAMES'S BUILDINGS, MANCHESTER.



*Some Roses and a Letter.*



ON every tin of Fawcett's Natural Process Barley there is a picture of a barley field. It stands for the very highest quality in prepared barley, the food so essential to your child's health and well-being; a perfect natural food, it is the safest and best diluent of milk for children. Babies brought up on it are strong and sturdy. But whenever you buy barley, whether Fawcett's Natural Process Barley or Fawcett's Pearl Barley, ask for Fawcett's by name, and be sure to look for the little round barley field with the sun a-shining.

*Fawcett's Natural Process Barley is Barley at its purest.*

It is never touched by hand, nothing is added, and there is no chemical treatment—just the best of British Barley, prepared by a real natural process.

*Of all high-class retailers, in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins.*

**FAWCETT'S Barley Food Specialists.**  
CASTLEFORD, YORKS.

25



## VELVETEEN JUMPERS FOR COLD DAYS

THIS practical and becoming House Coat has been specially designed for both warmth and comfort, which will be so essential during the coming Winter.

HOUSE COAT, in rich Chiffon finished Velveteen, with high neck, trimmed with fur, with plain front finished with stole ends tying at back. In black and all colours.

Price 69/6

### REAL LACE.

We have a wonderful selection of beautiful old lace in stock, including many rare and valuable pieces at pre-war prices.

FINE HONITON LACE  
COLLAR, 63/-.  
Also HANDKERCHIEFS,  
79/6  
Sent on approval.

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W1

NOTE.—This Establishment will be closed on Saturdays until further notice.



# BARKERS

## FAMOUS FOR LADIES' WEAR

### KENSINGTON

Two examples are quoted indicative of the utmost values for which Barkers have so great a reputation. A visit will disclose many exceptional values in all ladies' home wear and underclothing



#### TEA GOWN

Attractive Tea Gown in a very heavy Crepe Satin, lined throughout with contrasting Georgette, quickly put on, only fastening being sash at waist. Colours: Cerise, Pink, Navy, Teale, Sky, Cinnamon, Fawn, Yellow, Brown, Green, and Purple.

5½

gns.

#### USEFUL TEA GOWN

for Home Wear, in rich quality velveteen, becoming bodice finished with self-coloured georgette fichu, trimmed clipped marabout. Colours: Saxe, Navy, Green, Rose, Brown, Mole, Grey, Purple, and Black ..

69/6

TEA GOWNS, REST GOWNS, DRESSING GOWNS, CORSETS, LADIES' SKIRTS, UNDERCLOTHING, GIRLS' SCHOOL AND GENERAL OUTFITTING

**BEST VALUES IN LONDON AT BARKERS**

John Barker and Compy Ltd  
Kensington High St. W.8

**Walpole**  
89 BRO. LTD  
90 NEW BOND ST. W.

**UNAPPROACHABLE  
VALUE**

## CHILD'S DAINTY FROCK

**IN HEAVY ENGLISH  
WASHING SILK OF  
EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY.**

Pretty to a degree is the Model with its bound strappings and hems of alternate colour Silk that will wash repeatedly without detriment. The dainty laced Corsage with tassel fastening gives a charming effect. The Frock being cut full allows perfect freedom for vigorous movement and embodies "Walpoles" idea of how a child can be dressed with ease, warmth and smartness without loss of simplicity.

PRICE **25/9**

Colours of alternate stripes:—Cream and pink, cream and rose, cream and dark saxe, cream and yellow, yellow and navy. Length from shoulder:—20, 22, 24 inches.



*A selection only of Frock illustrated can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded. To assure the exclusiveness of "Walpole" creations execution of orders can only be guaranteed for seven days.*

THE HOUSE OF ATKINSON

ESTABLISHED 1799 REBUILT 1911

Presents for *Milady* at the House of Atkinson

## Atkinson's

PARFUM

# "ROYAL BRIAR"

An exquisite floral perfume of priceless distinction and charm.

Crystal bottles encased, 18/3, 31/6, 57/6

A miniature specimen of this delightful perfume will be sent on request.

SAVON	POUDRE
extra fin	"ROYAL BRIAR"
"ROYAL BRIAR"	in five tints
11/3 per box of 3 tablets	4/6 per box

Postage prepaid in the British Isles.

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD  
24 OLD BOND ST  
LONDON. W.1.

Inventors of Atkinson's  
"Gold Medal" Eau de Cologne



# Revillon Frères

LONDON LTD.

Newest French Models in

## Furs.

180, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

BY APPOINTMENT



TO HM THE QUEEN

ESTABLISHED 1723



TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)



## Lista

The dominating characteristics of "LISTA" Pure Silk Shirts are:

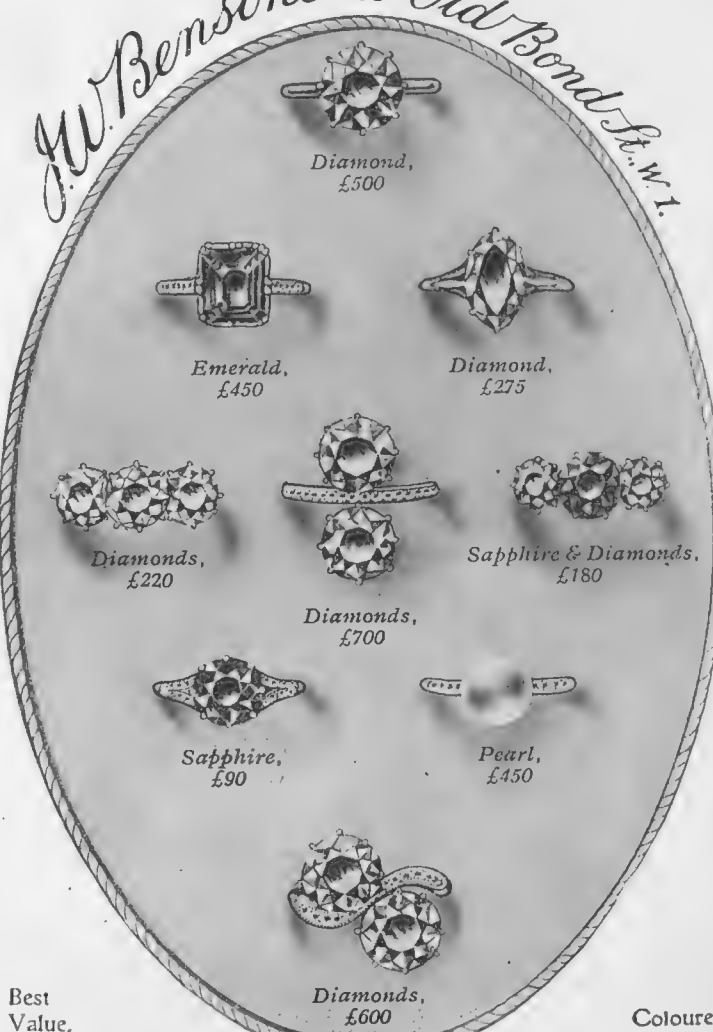
**Quality and Originality.**

The Silk is the finest shirting loomed, and whether for Officers' Khaki Shirts or ordinary wear, cannot possibly be surpassed. ♦ ♦ ♦

Ask your Outfitter for Patterns, and look for "Lista" stamped on selvage.

Wholesale only: LISTER & Co., Ltd., Old Change, E.C.

J.W. Bensons 25 Old Bond St. W.1.



Diamond, £500	
Emerald, £450	Diamond, £275
Diamonds, £220	Sapphire & Diamonds, £180
Diamonds, £700	
Sapphire, £90	Pearl, £450
Diamonds, £600	

Best Value, Quality and Design.

Fine Gem Rings

Coloured Sketches sent free.





**Fetish** shoes have become the fetish of all women who are particular in their choice of footwear. The Wendover design in black glacé as above is also made in navy blue and nigger brown glacé, grey, fawn & nigger brown suede and patent leathers.

MANUFACTURED BY  
W.E. Fox & Co, Fetish Shoe Works,  
Leicester, England.

OBTAINABLE FROM HIGH CLASS SHOE RETAILERS ONLY.



STAYNES  
LEICESTER

TRADE

MARK

# La Meriel

## IMPERIALES de Rothschild

**T**HIS is the finest example of La Meriel Cigars. Made by experienced and highly skilled workers, it is a high-class cigar that fills the smoker with that sense of luxurious enjoyment that he gets with the most expensive of other makes of cigars. It has the fresh, subtly pleasant flavour of the finest Havana, and yet remains a permissible war-time luxury because it is so reasonably priced. If you appreciate a really good cigar you will thoroughly enjoy the Imperiales de Rothschild. It is the cigar that perfectly satisfies the most fastidious connoisseur. Prove it for yourself. If your tobacconist does not supply, we will send POST FREE, and if you don't find them the greatest cigar value possible, we will cheerfully return your money.

LA MERIEL "IMPERIALES DE ROTHSCHILD" (size as illustrated).

	Per 100	Per 50
In Great Britain	83/-	41/6
To Troops Abroad	66/-	33/-

SIDNEY PULLINGER LTD.  
41 Cannon Street,  
BIRMINGHAM.

## RADIUM v. GREY HAIR



### CARADIUM (Regd.) The Greatest Success of the Age. NOT A DYE.

For all grey and fading tresses. This scientific Radium preparation is an absolute cure. Restoring to your hair, however grey and faded, all the rich & natural colour that it originally possessed; also for making the hair beautifully soft, glossy, and free from scurf. Highly recommended by all sections of the Press. **7/10 post free.**

### CARADIUM HAIR GROWER

Prepared with rare herbs and Radium Water. Unparalleled for producing abundant glossy hair. **Price 5/10 post free.**

### VELVET FACE POWDER (Regd.)

A Superb Powder, so fine as to be Undetectable. Gives Entrancing Loveliness to the Skin. In Two Beautiful Shades—NATURELLE and ROSE. Exquisitely perfumed in the following—Blush Rose (like a Garden after a Shower). Fragrant English Violet, and the subtle Perfume of the LOTUS FLOWER. **Price 2/9 & 4/9.**

### CARADIUM SKIN FOOD (Regd.)

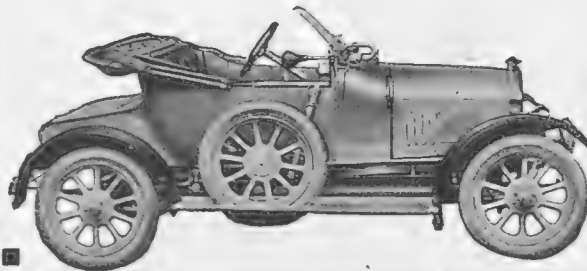
produces a complexion of Radiant Beauty and Charm; being Radio-Active, it has no parallel for removing lines and keeping the rounded contours of Youth. **3/9, 7/6, 15/-, and 3 Gns.**

Army and Navy Stores, Harrods', Boots', Barkers', Whiteley's, Shoolbred's, etc., and of all good Chemists, or HELEN CAVENDISH, 174a, New Bond Street, W. 1.

Your  
New  
Car.



When you are again able to drive your "Swift" you will appreciate the fact that its makers have turned to good account the unique experience of the past four years.



THE SWIFT  
MOTOR CO., Ltd.,  
COVENTRY.

LONDON:  
132-4, Long Acre, W.C.

DUBLIN:  
15-17, South King St.

Hour by hour Waterman's Ideal is writing the history of the Great War. Dispatches, Articles, Letters—millions of words must be written each day by the army of Waterman's Ideals at the Front; the memory of thousands of heroic deeds preserved by this pen that never tires. Truly it has been said that, next to his rifle, the soldier's best friend is his pen.

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Especially recommended for Active Service, No. 44 (Safety) 20/-, and No. 54 (Self-filling) 20/-. For office use No. 75 (Regular) 21/-.  
Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.  
**L. G. SLOAN, Ltd., The Pen Corner,**  
Kingsway, London, W.C. 2  
and 39 Shaftesbury Av.,  
London, W. 1.

—and finally

Just the little more that means so much—a little Pomeroy Day Cream, the exquisitely fragrant toilet cream with its subtle perfume and refreshing coolness. After the vitiated atmosphere of the crowded theatre, the long train journey, how delightfully the complexion is restored, and the face, hands and arms cooled and left clean, clear and healthy by just a little touch of

## Pomeroy Day Cream

In dainty half-crown vases at high-class Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.  
29, Old Bond St.  
London, W. 1.



(Continued.)

with steering gear, a competition in connection with Lots and Dometo building bricks; there are the well-known toys, and other new ones, made by our disabled sailors and soldiers in the Lord Roberts Workshops; there are tricycles and tricycle-horses, large aeroplanes, singing birds in cages, and daily demonstrations of Primus engineering sets and of many mechanical toys. Harrods' Christmas Catalogue, which is hailed with such joy as a guide to all that is most pleasurable in gift-giving, will be out this month—nay, is probably out now. Any of my readers who want to get practical ideas for presents can have it by writing for it.

**We Will Celebrate.** When peace comes, the only possible peace—a decisively victorious one—we Londoners will be profoundly, deeply thankful, glad beyond all expression that slaughter is over, and that lust, cruelty, pride arrogance, and a host of other evil spirits have been beaten and may be exorcised. The occasion will be one too solemn by far for merriment. The great army of heroes who have passed to Valhalla claim our thoughts too insistently for that. Being human, and furthermore British, we are sure to "celebrate"—to use a word from the everyday vocabulary of our American brothers. It will be quietly always, in view of empty chairs; but we shall know that their occupants would approve—nay, do approve. What they went over the top for, and out into the Great Divide to obtain, has been done, and we can think of them without bitterness—the loss ours alone. Peace is nearing the threshold, and the kind of celebration of it that we shall make will prove our worthiness to have won the world war. We may be sure that there will be no "mafficking" but, instead, deep gratitude that the horror has passed.



A black satin afternoon dress with white satin about it, and a pink rose in the fichu to take away from the somewhat severe effect.

They are  
the Best.

Women would far rather go shopping for men than legislate for the country. This happy task is very much our own now; and Harrods, where all wishes are met more than half-way, have a very enticing show next week specially devoted to travelling rugs and bags and all the accessories to men's comfort. The fighting sex has never fallen victim to the cheap-substitute craze in the way we did—I may just as well make confession for us all. "It looks just as nice," was a current phrase with us when we had bought some horrid thing that took early opportunity to betray us. Harrods never encouraged this evil way, and now, as ever, their bags and dressing-cases are handsome, sound, and of honest workmanship. There is nothing of the "skim-milk masquerades as cream" about them. In other parts of this paper some of the attractions of this show are depicted in colour, as are also items from the things for men's wear. Attractive as they are thus pictured, they are more truly so in reality, so beautifully are they designed and finished, and so excellent is the value they represent. The name of Harrods satisfies men that they are the best, and therefore good enough for their lordships. The man who trusts his womankind to do his shopping generally tells her where to go. Being a wise woman, she buys presents at the place which passes the censor; many thousands will be bought at Harrods, and this special display is just in the nick of time for those which have to be sent abroad.

The woollie with its long sleeves and pockets, the khaki shirts, and the silk pyjamas will be received with enthusiasm, in Christmas or other parcels. About things bought at this world-famous establishment there is a cachet of quality and style which adds immensely to the gratification of receiving them. (Continued overleaf.)

**WE WILL LEND  
you a sample knife  
for a week's trial.**

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CUTLERY**

**Lessens Housework & reduces weekly expenses**

**You Can Scrap your Knife Boards, Knife  
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**APIS STEEL** gives no taste to fruit or fish.

**APIS STEEL** is always beautifully bright.

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**NOTICE.**—Owing to Government requirements we can only lend  
you a sample for trial and cannot, for the present,  
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as well as a lower price than that paid by the general public.

Write first to us for particulars of our Priority Register.

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Gravel,  
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Sclerosis,  
Obesity.



Arthritic subjects take a course of URODONAL every month, which eliminates the Uric Acid from their system, and thus safeguards them from attacks of Gout, Rheumatism, or Nephritic Colic.

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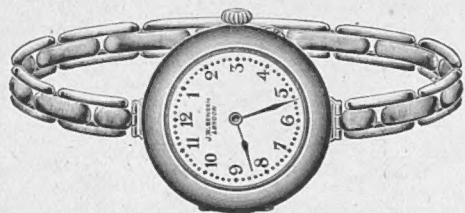
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Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists, and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 and 12/6, from the British and Colonial Agents, **HEPPELS**, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Full explanatory booklets sent post free on application.

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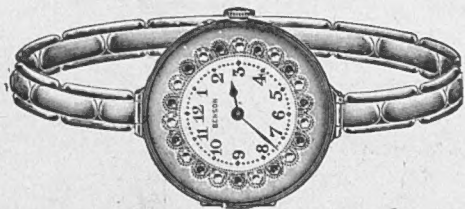
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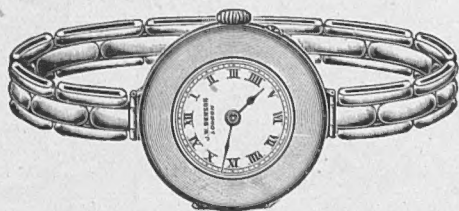


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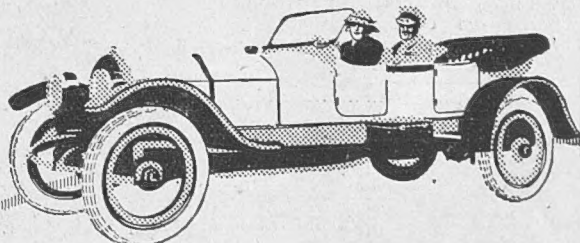
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CASE."

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Continued.]

### Wedding Bells.

Lady Holford does not look as if she had a son of marriageable age. It does not seem so long ago when she was escorted up the church by her two boys, and given away by one of them to her handsome soldier husband, Colonel Sir George Holford. A Wilson of Tranby Croft, she first married Mr. J. Graham Menzies. The wedding was in reality six years ago last July. During the greater part of the war Dorchester House has been in part used as a hospital for officers, administered by Lady Holford. Her son, who is soon to be married to Lady Avice Sackville, is Major in the Life Guards, the regiment in which his step-father has been for so long, and the Reserve Battalion of which he now commands. Sir George Holford was in the Household of King Edward for eighteen years, and has since then been in Queen Alexandra's Household. Lady Avice Sackville is sister to the Earl of Delawarr, now in his nineteenth year. Her only sister is the wife of a Life Guardsman, Captain D. Euan Wallace, and she is a niece of Earl Brassey.



A COMING CANDIDATE FOR PARLIAMENT: MRS. HOPE OF LUFNESS. The husband of Mrs. Hope, the late Laird of Lufness, was killed in France. Mrs. Hope is a fine speaker, and has been conducting a campaign to find suitable work for disabled heroes. Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

### A Multitude of Girls.

What every woman wants now, when dances are being freely given, are gowns for evening wear. Not yet have we come again to what in Victorian times was known as full ball-dress. Favourites for wearing at dinners and dances are dainty tea-gowns such as can be seen in wonderful variety at Marshall and Snelgrove's. They are of crêpe-de-Chine and of many pretty fabrics, and are enriched with gold, silver, or copper lace or embroidery. Made short, slim, and with long soft pleats from bust to hem, they are graceful, up-to-date, and what

girls call "just ripping to dance in." They are also delightful and specially becoming in rich silk panne velvet. The fact that they can be acquired for ten-and-a-half guineas need not be laboured, because their rich and beautiful appearance suggests quite twice that sum. Girls are second only to men in keenness about dances, and young married women come in a good third. Chaperons may be classed out of it. With the disappearance of elaborate suppers, one chaperon covers a multitude of girls!

With the approach of winter, with its biting winds, chilling frosts, and cheerless rain, the food value of cocoa, as well as the attractions of its agreeable flavour and sustaining qualities, are universally appreciated; and every year sees this seasonable beverage grow in popularity. Fortunately, too, with the demand comes the supply; and a notably favourite brand is "Caley's Fleur-de-Lys," in which strength, nutritive qualities, and digestibility are skilfully combined. The manufacturers, Messrs. A. J. Caley and Son, Ltd., of Norwich and London, make their specialty from the finest cocoas by a process ensuring the extraction of the largest possible amount of the natural oil, giving a delicious and sustaining beverage. It is particularly valuable for invalids, whose digestive power is weakened by age or illness. Caley's Cocoa is on sale practically everywhere, is moderately priced, and is of special value in the winter months as a preventive of chills, and a pleasant preservative of health and promoter of comfort.



A NEW ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE: BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. T. F. HORWOOD, D.S.O. The Home Secretary has appointed Brigadier-General W. T. F. Horwood, D.S.O., an Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, in place of Sir Frederick Wodehouse.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



### Honour our Brave Seamen

Your very existence to-day is dependant upon the bravery of the British Merchant Seamen who daily face enormous risks to ensure that you get your daily bread. Won't you show your gratitude by helping to provide for the dependents of those brave men who gave their lives in bringing you food, or helping to provide for those who have broken under the stress and strain of war-time navigation?

Gifts of any size will be greatly appreciated. Why not fill in the contribution form and send your donation to-day?

#### CONTRIBUTION FORM.

To the SECRETARY, Mercantile Marine Service Association, Tower Building, Water Street, LIVERPOOL (Incorporated by special Act of Parliament). In appreciation of the gallant efforts and noble sacrifices of our Merchant Seamen, I enclose the sum of £ : : towards the fund of your Association.

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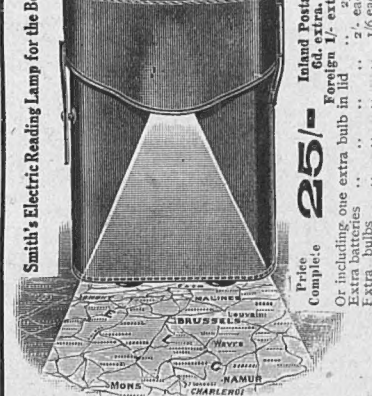


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Fine Sapphire and Brilliant Ring, £4 15 0. Fine Double Cluster Brilliant Ring, £10 10 0. A fine assortment of Rings and Jewellery always in stock.

S. SMITH & SON LTD. Est'd. 1851. HOLDERS OF 6 ROYAL WARRANTS. WATCH MAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY. 6, GRAND HOTEL BLDGS, TRAFALGAR SQ. W.C.



## A Minor Tragedy

By "ESTELLE."

"DON'T desert me, Clara," I begged, as my friend rose to go. "That odious Mrs. Hammerton is coming, and I don't feel equal to tackling her alone."

"Sorry," replied she, "but I've got a committee meeting. Just tell me that recipe of yours for a shampoo once again—sallax, smallax, what's the name of the stuff?"

"Stallax," I replied. "It's best to rub a little olive oil into your scalp before washing your hair. You needn't rinse it afterwards—isn't that a joy? It's just the thing to keep that fair hair of yours the same colour, and to make it look like a poet's dream."

I was not pleased to hear Mrs. Hammerton ushered in. I'm not fond of Mrs. Hammerton, who has "risen" in life, and proclaims it by an atrociously patronising manner. Moreover, it always distresses me (I am not a nice person) to see a person with a coarse, wrinkled skin and neglected, faded hair, wearing ultra-fashionable clothes.

"Ha-ow do you do? Dreadful weathah we are having, are we not?" she drawled out as I poured out tea. "Ha-owevah do you keep so wol-looking? Of course, you've nothing to do."

I was just recovering from a breakdown caused by two years in an aeroplane factory. I felt my temper rising. The conversation dragged on; then I bethought me of my knitting. I went upstairs to fetch it, and was some time finding it.

When I returned to the drawing-room I heard a strange sound, like sobbing, and to my utter amazement I found Mrs. Hammerton in tears. It was so unexpected, so utterly unlike, that I could only stammer out:

"Don't—oh, please don't; isn't there anything I can do—oh, what is the matter?"

She calmed down soon, and blurted out in a manner which was quite unlike her former patronising way.

"I c-can't help it. I must tell someone—it's just this. When I married John I was a good-looking girl, though you wouldn't think it, now; but we've been through some hard times together, and my looks went years ago. John's just as kind to me, and now we've got money he gives me all the pretty things I used to hanker after when I was young. But I look a silly, ugly old fool in them—I won't go to a beauty doctor and be giggled over. I can't tell John, he wouldn't understand."

I soothed her and I said:

"Dear Mrs. Hammerton, you mustn't worry, you really mustn't; if you'll let me be hatefully rude and interfering, I think I can tell you a few ordinary home recipes which will make all the difference in your looks. You've obviously been pretty, but you've lost the freshness and smoothness of your skin, and the thickness and brightness of your hair—two things without which Venus herself would be very plain. You suffer from enlarged pores, too, which cause blackheads. If you went to an American beauty specialist, you would probably be 'skinned,' a painful process which would remove the outer, soiled skin, and leave the new, clear complexion underneath exposed. The principle of 'skinning' is sound, but there are three objections—the pain and unsightliness of the process, the expense, and the fact that the treatment necessitates one laying up for several weeks. The only safe way to adopt this principle without its unpleasantness is to obtain some mercolised wax from the chemist and smear it lightly over the face and neck, washing it off in the morning with warm water. The curious property of this wax is that it absorbs the soiled particles of the outer skin painlessly and invisibly, leaving the new skin underneath free to breathe. It can be used as often as required, and the cost is trivial."

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U.221. Pyjamas in Wincey; wide black stripes of pink; sky, or mauve, 8/11. In Ceylon Flannels, 18/11; all-wool Nunsveiling, 29/6; striped or plain coloured Silk, 35/9; Silk and Wool, 35/9; Crêpe-de-Chine, 49/6

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U.222. French Cambric Camisole; trimmed back and front with Val. insertion, 8/11

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U.223. Nightdress in Cambric; trimmed thread Lace and hand-embroidered spot, 12/11. Cap, 10/11

U.224. French Cambric Nightdress; hand-embroidered; trimmed thread Lace and insertion, 6/11

U.225. Knickers, Chemise, and Camisole (to match U.224); each garment, 3/11. Combinations, 8/11. Closed Knickers and Camisole with Sleeves, each garment, 4/11 Cap in Net, 10/11

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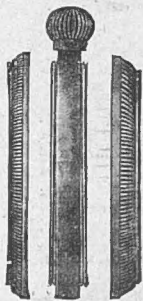
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